

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Journal of a Residence in Ashantee. By JOSEPH DUPUIS, Esq. late his Britannic Majesty's Envoy and Consul for that Kingdom. *Comprising Notes and Researches relative to the Gold Coast and the Interior of Western Africa; chiefly collected from Arabic MSS. and Information communicated by the Moslems of Guinea; to which is prefixed an Account of the Origin and Causes of the present War.* Illustrated with a map and plates. 4to. pp. 400. London, 1824.

A VOLUME devoted to the history or description of Western Africa, by a person possessing the facilities of a British envoy, would at any time be acceptable to the public, but now that the fatal reverses experienced by our colony, at Cape Coast Castle, have excited so much interest, Mr. Dupuis's journal comes particularly seasonable.

Mr. Dupuis's work is divided into two parts; the first contains, besides the introduction, the particulars of his journey to Coomassy, embracing a very full description of the manners and customs of the Ashantees, with historical memoirs of Ashantee, which, though unknown to us as a nation twenty years ago, Mr. Dupuis proves to have been a powerful little monarchy so far back as the year 1640.

The second division is devoted to the geography of Western Africa, and contains much valuable information, calculated to be of the utmost benefit to the future traveller. The style of Mr. Dupuis is clear and perspicuous, and his narrative is calculated to make the British public much better acquainted with the country and the people he describes, than they have hitherto been. In noticing this work, we shall not for the present enter into any inquiry, as to the policy of our African colonies, or how far the late war has been provoked on our part, though we certainly think it was highly imprudent in our troops to proceed up the country, and attack a million of people, for such is the population of Ashantee. Mr. Dupuis is of opinion the colony was to blame, and not the King of Ashantee, whose feelings he declares are demonstrative of a friendly regard towards the King of Great Britain, and the British colonies on the Gold Coast. We shall now proceed with Mr. Dupuis in his journey to Coomassy, the capital of Ashantee. He left Cape Coast Castle on the 9th of February, 1820, in a palanquin borne by four persons. Many

were the places which he passed that had been desolated by the Ashantees, particularly Emperou; on the first invasion of Fantee, the inhabitants observed an unfortunate neutrality, but afterwards joined a Caboceer, named Quazi Ben, and made a stand. Mr. Dupuis, who omits no opportunity of vindicating or excusing the conduct of the King of Ashantee, states, that he sent messengers promising protection of life and property, if they would submit, but the Emperous refused:—

'The order was now given to exterminate the population of every town, and raze the houses to their foundations; and in conformity with this resolution a body of troops was detached against Emperou, with orders not to spare an inhabitant of either sex. In the meantime the Fantee troops, assisted by the inhabitants and their auxiliaries, assembled to the number of many thousands, and by vigilance succeeded in cutting off some reconnoitring parties of the enemy. Too much elated by this success, they at length determined upon the plan of endeavouring to intercept the communication between the detachment and the king's head quarters. They separated their men into two bodies, one of which being left to guard the town, the other made a circuitous march to the westward, and fell unexpectedly upon the flank and rear of their adversaries. No happy consequences attended the action; it would appear, from accounts of the survivors, that neither party was prepared for the rencontre. The Ashantees, however, lost no time in sounding the alarm, rallying their forces, and recalling the advanced guard to their assistance, while the Fantees, even before the onset, were appalled. In this state of eventful inactivity, it is said, the main body of the Fantees remained passive spectators during a distant skirmish between their own vanguard and a detachment of the enemy. At last the Ashantees advanced with a shout, which struck a decided panic in their favour; the Fantees soon fled outright, and, with some loss, rejoined their comrades at Emperou. Notwithstanding this check, the inhabitants, as the Ashantees approached, suffered themselves to be led out to battle. The united force of the Fantees is stated to have greatly outnumbered their enemies, and a battle of the most sanguinary complexion ensued, at the distance of a mile from the town. The first charge of the Ashantees was severely checked, and they were driven back upon the main body with slaughter. The enemy, how-

ever, was too well disciplined to allow the Fantees to improve upon their advantage, and a murderous firing succeeded the onset, in which the Ashantees, from superior celerity, had the advantage. Still, however, the Fantees maintained their ground, with a degree of intrepidity not undeserving of record, as it is perhaps a solitary instance during this war of their valour and resolution. On a sudden, volleys of musketry announced an attack on their flank and rear, supported by the king in person. This unexpected charge decided the fortune of the day, for the Fantees now retreated with precipitation, while their enemies rushed on, and strewed the forest with indiscriminate carnage. Before the retreating army could regain the town, it was doomed to cut a passage through an opposing body of the enemy, who were at that critical period in possession of many of the houses; despair assisted their efforts, and their enemies were either cut to pieces or trampled under foot. The town itself, which was already in flames, afforded no protection against the murderous assaults of their pursuers. In this hopeless state, several of the caboceers, after destroying their property, their wives, and children, put an end to their own existence; whilst the people, endeavouring to fly from the scene of carnage, were intercepted and butchered, or cast headlong amidst the burning houses. To sum up the horrors of this barbarous scene, every house was entered with fire and sword, and the inhabitants of both sexes destroyed. It is said that, with the exception only of about one hundred people, who fled before the town was assaulted, not a soul escaped from the calamity. These particulars were narrated by my two guides, who were in that conflict.

'The walls stood in many places erect, exhibiting the action of fire which, by vitrifying the clayey composition, had preserved the ruins from dissolution. The surface of the earth was whitened, in particular spots, with ashes, and bleached human bones and skulls, forming a distressing portrait of African warfare. In crossing the opening, some of the Fantees, by way of diversion, pointed to the relics, saying jocosely, they were Ashantee trophies: the Ashantees retorted the jest upon their fellow travellers with equal good-humour, and all parties were indifferent at a retrospection so painful to humanity.'

Between Mouree, the Dutch settlement, and Dongua, Mr. Dupuis met with some curious colonies of ants:—

The habitations of the red ants form a striking feature, as they convey the idea of little towns established in the wilderness by another order of the creation. These erections are spiral, and of the elevation of ten or more feet. Another class of these insects, the small black ant, build nests on the boughs of trees, which in appearance resemble a globular or cylindrical mass of black clay, unlike that of the red ant, which is of a gravelly yellow tint. The weight of these masses of earth, and the glutinous matter which cements the parts, causes the boughs to droop and bend, in some cases, till they sweep the ground; and in others these nests are cemented to the ramifications of several trees, which encrust the whole in a solid mass of dripping mucilaginous matter. The most voracious and formidable insect of this genus is the large black ant, which burrows under the roots of trees, and erects a sort of nest upon the surface, resembling in form the mushroom.

At Akomfody, the black ants were the most numerous and most troublesome:—

The voracity with which they surprise their prey and assail him at all vulnerable points exceeds that of locusts, when they alight in a field of corn; for when once the attack is commenced, no bodily effort of the victim will avail him. Flight is generally impotent, unless it should lead him to a pool, when a natural instinct, occasioned by the burning pain, induces him to plunge into the water. This kind of ant, say the Ashantees, is not only the plague of all other animals, but also of every class of their own species, and of the red ant in particular. If I may be indulged in a whimsical comparison, I will suggest a resemblance between these diminutive freebooters and the Arabs, who, alike migratory, rove over the surface of the country, and establish a temporary residence where it meets their views, often to the terror and in defiance of neighbouring towns. Thus the black ants in myriads will trace a particular course, and pursue that track in exact and thick embodied file, over an extent, perhaps of miles, until they fix upon a spot to their liking, where they erect little conical habitations, which may be said, figuratively, to bear a similitude to the Arabian tent, both in colour and form. The red ants, on the contrary, raise solid mounds of clay, which are cemented with a mucilaginous substance that binds the parts together in an indissoluble incrustation, and bids defiance to any violence short of the pickaxe. The intrusion of the black ants is thus effectually prevented; but whenever their intrenched prey venture abroad, or are observed in repairing and augmenting their habitations, which they frequently do, a chase ensues, and thousands become the victims of their opponents, who sometimes force an entrance even into the nest itself. I was present once when a hillock was perforated in order to obtain what is commonly termed the queen, or mother ant, which is an unwieldy insect, two

inches in length and one in circumference, formed in head and shoulders like the common ant, with a white body like that of a maggot. This insect resides in a separate cell, at the very foundation of the hillock, and is said to be gifted with such inexhaustible fecundity as to bring forth its myriads in daily and unceasing repetition. The act of cutting through the surface was laborious; but that effected, the earth crumbled as it usually does. The cells resemble those of the hornet, and were generally in diagonal rows, but without order or regularity. The labour was ultimately attended with success, in the discovery of the "queen mother." During the process the red ants fled in all directions, and vainly endeavoured to recover their cells, while they were assaulted by a troop of black ants, who in despite of a vigorous resistance devoured their prey on the spot, or carried it off between their nippers. The black ant, it is said, will fearlessly attack any animal, not exempting mankind; but particularly infants, whom they frequently destroy and devour. The panther is not too strong for them to cope with, the rat is not too subtle, nor is the squirrel too active; vigilance and force are equally unavailing. They will even, as the Ashantees report, seek the abodes of serpents, and entering their holes, allow the reptile no chance of escaping. The hanging nests of small black ants are also very numerous in the trees, where, it would appear, they choose their abode as a security against the attacks of the universal enemy.

At Asnah, Mr. Dupuis had the honour of a public reception, and he describes the people as particularly hospitable. At Amofo:—

Some of the houses are tolerably well constructed; but still the clay and bamboo hovels predominate, perhaps, here, in the proportion of twelve to one, in the leading street. The population is said to be upwards of seven thousand; many, however, were Gaman prisoners of war, the property of officers and soldiers in the army.

On the twenty-third, my second messenger returned from the capital, for, ceremonious courtesy being the *sine qua non* of African diplomacy, I endeavoured to neglect none of those outward forms which are so well understood in private life. I was assured by the caboceer that the streets in Coomassy were by a royal edict ordered to be cleansed in anticipation of my approach.

While the presents were housing, I received a visit from the king's son, a child about six years of age, who was brought to me by his nurse, and several guardians, besides a courtly little troop of slaves and playmates. The custom of Africa was not omitted even on this occasion, for the visit was attended with a present of fowls, vegetables, and wine. A suitable return in sugar highly gratified the infant prince, who, however, generously distributed a portion of the sweets among his juvenile

companions. I was next honoured with a visit by a female member of the royal family, a daughter of the king, whose age was probably about ten years. The retinue of this young lady was as numerous as the former. A sugar offering to the princess, with the addition of a little rum to the attendants, introduced us to a familiar acquaintance at sight. The matrons endeavoured to win my notice to their ward, by intimating that she was very fond of white men's caresses; but her timidity gave a flat contradiction to the assertion. I endeavoured to soothe therefore, in language somewhat adapted to a female ear, but the compliments I paid were unaccountably appropriated by my auditresses to their own youth and beauty, or to other inclinations; for they assured me by way of reply, that although the princess was young, yet in a very few moons she would be ready to take to wife; and if I admired her, they had no doubt the king would give her to me. At the same time the old women, taking several of their youthful companions by the shoulders, introduced them in a circle, desiring me to select a favourite without scruple, and keep her as long as I thought fit.

As he approached Coomassy, court messengers were sent to welcome him, and every man seemed habited in his holiday apparel. On entering Coomassy, which Mr. Dupuis represents in less glowing colours than Mr. Bowdich, he says:—

My palanquin was on a sudden arrested in the main avenue by a deputation of caboceers, who paid a formal congratulation on behalf of the king. It was Sali's desire, they added, that I should repair to the market-place until the court assembled. Here, therefore, I alighted under the shade of some high trees, reposing for awhile from the scorching blaze of the sun, now about commencing his descent from the meridian. The atmosphere too, was in a manner stifled by the pressure of the multitude. A pause of twenty minutes sufficed for the approaching ceremony, and we again bent forward in orderly ranks to an angle that opened into the place of audience, from whence another salute was fired. A silence, however, like that of the forest, succeeded as the echoes died away; and as the smoke dispersed, the view was suddenly animated by assembled thousands in full costume, seated upon the ground in the form of an extensive semicircle, where the chiefs were distinguished from the commonalty by large floating umbrellas or canopies, fabricated from cloth of various hues. These officers, only, were seated upon stools that elevated their heads just above those of their attendants. An avenue not wider than the footway in the forest, was the space allotted for walking in the line of chiefs, leading to the station where the king was seated. The etiquette was of a character corresponding with other ceremonies.

All the ostentatious trophies of negro splendour were emblazoned to view.

oured with a of the royal g, whose age rs. The re- as numerous fering to the f a little rum us to a fami- The matrons tice to their as very fond her timidity he assertion. efore, in lan- a female ear, ere unac- y audresses eauty, or to insured me by the princess w moons she ife; and if I ubt the king e same time eral of their e shoulders, desiring me scruple, and fit.' y, court mes- ne him, and his holiday massy, which ess glowing says:—dden arrest- eputation of l congratula- It was Sai's uld repair to t assembled. under the reposing for blaze of the g his descent osphere too, e pressure of twenty m- ing ceremo- d in orde- ed into the nce another owever, like s the echoes e dispersed, ated by as- tume, seated of an exten- efs were dis- alty by large s, fabricated These off- n stools that ove those of e not wider est, was the the line of where the ette was of a other cere-

Drums of every size, from five or six inches in length to the dimensions of as many feet, occasionally decorated with human skulls, abounded in all directions; and in some (although few instances) the skulls of vanquished foemen and strings of human teeth were glaringly exposed on the persons of the youthful captains. Ivory horns similarly ornamented, red flutes, calabash rattles, and clanking bits of flat iron, composed the various bands in front of the caboceers. The salutation, as heretofore, was accompanied by an impulsive grasp of the hand with each caboceer of rank, and a waving motion afterwards in compliment to his friends, retainers, and slaves. In the act of approaching these peers of the Ashantee realm, the solemn stillness was invaded at intervals by the full chorus of each band beating in rotation the peculiar adopted air whereby each noble is known from his compeer. A number of select young slaves, boys of fifteen or sixteen years old, stood before the war captains, and other chief officers, in the aspect of a guard of honour, waving short scimitars and knives, which they flourished in a threatening attitude. The deportment of the caboceers was marked with gravity; not a smile nor a courtly glance illumined the asperity of their features, and the salutations were uttered in a low affected tone of voice. The crowd, however, did not consider themselves bound to imitate the dignified deportment of their lords: they breathed a welcome in the silent language of the features.'

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'At last I approached the avenue where the king was seated. The martial instruments surrounding the throne suddenly burst upon the hearing in heavy peals, and the household slaves advanced, flourishing their scimitars over my head with menacing violence. This threatening ceremony was directed with renovated vigour as I advanced to take the king's hand; but having, as it were, won the contested honour in the late struggle, my opponents quietly suffered me to enjoy the prize: for the music ceased, the guards retired from the presence, and I was quietly permitted to pay my respects. The king extended his hand with great complacency, yet with a dignity that created admiration and respect, for it was even more than national. The features of the monarch were placid, yet serious, with the exception of his eyes, which seemed rivetted in good-natured admiration, although they were not permitted to convey this feeling to the muscles of his face. The salutation murmured by the sovereign was re-echoed by an officer in attendance, and reported to me as follows:—"Sai thanks the gods he sees you, and the other white men, and all your people."

'The royal chair was a specimen of some ingenuity, yet the workmanship was rude. Its arms and legs were carved from the solid into grotesque forms, and embossed with fine ornamental casts of gold. Several caboceers in waiting were decorated with

massive gold breast-plates, chains of the same metal, and solid lumps of rock-gold, of the weight, perhaps, of a pound or more each. The royal messengers stood behind the sovereign, shouldering by the blades large crooked sabres, the emblems of their offices, and displaying the reversed hilts, cased in thin gold sheeting. In another position, at the back of the king's chair, a select few stood erect as guards, and were armed with common English muskets in gold casing, and habited in grotesque apparel, which consisted of a large helmet or plume of feathers of the Argus bird, sloping backward over the head, in form not very unlike those which, according to history, were worn by the inhabitants of America, and particularly in the empire of Mexico, by the warriors of that nation. In front of the plume was an arching pair of rams' horns, cased in gold, and attached by the centre to several charms and amulets, neatly sheathed in morocco leather. A skull-cap united the whole, and a long tiger's tail flowed down over a close-bodied jacket, that concealed every part but the arms, in a perfect mail of magical charms, also richly ornamented in gold, silver, or stained leather. A simple covering of cloth, girded about the loins, fell half-way down the thigh, and left the rest of the body bare. In addition to guns, the weapons and accoutrements of these officers were bows, and a quiver of poisoned arrows, suspended from the back by a belt, which at the same time supported the weight of a string of case-knives and a large powder-pouch. The most ludicrous part of the equipment consisted in a large gold, silver, or iron bell, suspended by a rope that girded the loins, and overhung the posteriors, causing at every movement a dull tinkling sound, like the pasturing bells used in Spain. Over these bells were suspended gold or silver epaulettes of European fabrication, more or less tarnished. Some of the officers wore small turbans of silk taffety, or figured cotton and muslin, and beside were decently dressed in robes of various striped cotton, folded round the loins, and gracefully turned over the left shoulder, exactly as the hayk or allayk is worn by the Arabs of the western and southern deserts. The king was modestly habited in a large cloth or hayk of figured cotton, cast off from both shoulders, and resting negligently in loose folds, upon the loins and thighs. From his naked shoulder was suspended a thick silk plait or cord, to which were attached a string of amulets, cased in gold, silver, and silk. A massive gold chain encircled his waist, in the form of a zone, below the navel; and a variety of clumsy gold rings covered his fingers, thumbs, and toes. On the left knee he wore a bandage or fillet of silk, and plaited weed, interwoven with gold beads and amulets, terminating in a tasteful tassel, that hung as low as the calf of the leg.'

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'As the position occupied by the king stood nearly in the centre of a large semicircle, above a moiety of the ceremony was

still in reserve. The king, or tributary chief of Banna, a monarch subordinate to the sovereign of Ashantee, happened to be at this time at Coomassy, and was stationed at no great distance from his liege lord. His retinue was splendid and numerous, comprising, besides his own people, several moslems of inferior rank, and their slaves. The vassal prince was simply attired in an African cloth, decorated with amulets, &c. sheathed in gold and the skins of beasts. Gold rings ornamented his fingers and toes, and little fillets of gold and aggrary beads encircled the thick parts of each arm. The incessant din that occasionally reigned in all parts, naturally gave rise to a feeling of sincere contempt—disgust I may say, for the music of Ashantee, however grateful it would seem to have been to the auricular organs of Mr. Bowdich, whose harmonic taste is upon record in his work. The illustrious negro prince was seated upon a chair studded with silver coins, such as dollar and half-dollar pieces, which were rivetted against the frame-work, none being permitted to sit enthroned in gold but the "King of Kings."

'A warlike band, who guarded the person of this tributary, were martially habited in the skins of beasts, chiefly the hides of leopards and panthers: their weapons were bows and poisoned arrows, javelins, guns, sabres, clubs, and case-knives. Many were in a state of nudity, excepting the shim or girdle, three or four inches wide, that passed between the thighs, bracing round the loins and under the posteriors. Chieftains of rank, governors of provinces, and allies of the Ashantee empire, were next in order to the King of Banna, and the intervening space was occupied by caboceers, captains, and other officers of less note. At the expiration of two hours, I had the happiness to arrive at the extreme end of the crescent, where several of the king's ministers stood in waiting to receive and conduct me to a resting-place; this was a spot of clear ground, shaded on the margin by some tall trees.

'After a suspense of some minutes' duration, the renewed discord of drums, gong-gongs, &c. in full concert, announced a movement on the part of the court. The clamour became more and more general, and its effect, for an interval, deafening. The chiefs advanced at a tardy pace, followed in successive ranks by their vassal captains, personal attendants, and slaves, armed and equipped in their full military habits; some with iron chains suspended round the neck, others round the body in the form of a zone, while the men at arms belonging to the household establishments of each caboceer, brought up the rear in close embodied masses.'

'Chiefs of the first class now arrived on the spot, and saluted with courtesy; the reserve of a first introduction was banished from every countenance. The band of each of these officers preceded the march, and was followed by a group of parasites, whose business it was to proclaim in boisterous songs the strong names of their masters.

The bellying of these heralds, the discordant din of war instruments, and the clamour of my guards, produced a chaos of harsh sounds, that would baffle the efforts of the pen to describe. The feelings of many of the caboceers, and especially those of a youthful deportment, were conspicuous, in defiance now and then of an affected serenity: their countenances from composure relaxed into smiles, and even a stifled laugh was more than once exacted by the persevering adulation of their attendants; but, not wholly forgetful of what was due to their own dignity, they frequently affected displeasure at the unblushing flattery with which they were assailed. As it may not be uninteresting to the reader, I shall give the translation of one of these songs, as my linguist interprets it.

"Where shall we find such a warrior as the strong and beautiful Apacoo Kudjo, whose eyes are like the panther in fight? O great slave of the king, how you are beloved! your victories delight his ears. Who fought the Gamans, and killed their caboceer, Adouai? Apacoo Kudjo. Where are the women and the gold? Apacoo Kudjo has them. He is a rich man,—a mighty man! His enemies die when he is angry. He is invulnerable; his fetische (amulet) no man can look upon and live."

"The evening began to close in apace, yet still the pageant displayed unbroken ranks; and no movement had yet taken place in the king's retinue. The moslems, accompanied by their captains, and headed by the bashaw under his canopy, advanced in order, and gave the salutation with a decorum peculiarly korannic. No barbarous music, no osseous relics, no gambols of the war-dance, no sycophants to sound poetic titles and achievements; even the courtly strut was softened down to a character modest and reserved. The contrast was thus favourable to education, and the superior rank of these people in the classes of African society could not be more pre-eminently contrasted.

"As the King of Banna approached, he silenced his band and sycophants together, by an authoritative wave of the hand—then advancing until he had gained a position exactly opposite to me, he snatched a scimitar from a youth in attendance, while his people formed a silent and distant circle. He then commenced an harangue, which, by progressive degrees, degenerated into the most furious utterance, associated with rapid and vehement gestures, and flourishings of his weapon, within two or three paces of my feet. The bystanders, during the pause, gave a respectful attention to the discourse, frequently sympathized in the feelings of the orator, and oftentimes used soothing epithets, while the very eyeballs of the royal chief glanced with real or affected malignity; and the foam spurted from his mouth as from that of an enraged maniac. At last he ceased speaking, and his countenance subsided into tranquillity, as he cast the scimitar upon the earth. His relaxed features even wore the semblance of a smile,

while he held me by the hand, saluted, and retired. The interruption gave no satisfaction to my guards, who, after this shadow of royalty was again fairly obscured in the crowd, applied their twigs very smartly to his peoples' shoulders and legs, in revenge for the detention, for we were by this time almost enveloped in darkness. The anxiety I felt to know the substance of the speech could not be gratified at the moment; but subsequently I minuted down the following particulars from the memory of the linguist, which I introduce in this place from its obvious connexion.

"Ashantees, who is there so great, so good as Sai? No where can you see such a king. He says, destroy this country,—and it is a desert; the people are killed with his shot and his powder. When he makes war, he is like the tiger. Can any one fight the tiger? How foolish, then, are those who say they hate this great king, and speak with arrogance; for if they cannot fight, what will become of them. They cannot go in the bush (northwards), for there is my country, Coransa, Takimah, and Bouromy: all this belongs to Sai, he is king over all the kings, and all the people, and his foot stands upon every one's neck. If they run to Adirai river, it is the king's fetische, and will kill them. They cannot pass Tando river. What then? there is only the sea. Will not that kill them too? You know I fight for the king; he is my master, and I love him. I fought with Dinkera (late king of Gaman) and he died, and the people died. If the king bid me make war on any country, I must obey; he is the master, and I am the slave. If he desire me to go to Fantee, I swear the great oath, I will kill them all; I will cut up their bodies in pieces, and take out their hearts, and I will not let one live, because they are an insolent people. Now they hear Dinkera is dead, and they are frightened, and want to make a palaver between white men and the king, because they think he cannot then catch them. Is that reasonable? This white caboceer comes up to talk the palaver. If he comes with truth in his heart, and with friendly intentions, it is well; but if he tries to deceive and dishonour the king, it cannot be suffered; and I shall kill all these people* and drink their blood, because they forget that they are the king's slaves," &c."

(To be continued.)

Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting By LIEUTENANT COLONEL HAWKER. Third Edition, considerably enlarged and improved. With ten explanatory plates. Royal 8vo. pp. 470. London, 1824.

FIRST catch your hare, said the renowned Mrs. Glasse, of immortal gastronomic memory, but she does not tell how to catch it: not so Colonel Hawker, for if his instructions are attended to, there is not a cockney sportsman that may not bag his seven brace of game on the 1st of September, and make a far different report to his friends than is

* 'The Fantees.'

usually received on the eve of that eventful day: at least so convinced are we of it, that we shall be content to receive a tithe of the extra game killed by every person who reads this book on our recommendation for having put him on such a good scent.

Colonel Hawker, who appears to have quitted 'the trade of war' for field exercises less revolting to humanity, is quite an enthusiast in shooting, which we are sure he considers as the height of human happiness: and having acquired much sporting knowledge by long experience, and that attention which the inquiring mind bestows on every subject in which it feels a particular interest, he readily gives that knowledge to the public. His work embraces almost every point connected with shooting. It commences with an account of guns of every description that are used in field sports, then proceeds to the other appendages of the sportsman. The colonel's next object is to give his instructions to young sportsmen, which are so clear and distinct, that he who runs may read. In treating on snipe-shooting, he combines, as a sister sport, trout-fishing. A list of birds, alphabetically arranged and described, follows, with much useful advice as to the choice of birds, the preservation of game, &c. Colonel Hawker appears very partial to wild-fowl shooting, and has actually invented 'wild-fowl artillery;' he also gives an account of wild-fowl shooting in France, and, by an anecdote, shows that the French are better decoy ducks than the English: this remark is made in reference to-fowls, but, perhaps, would apply with equal truth somewhat farther. The last thing that a true sportsman thinks of is eating and drinking; and it is, therefore, the last noticed by our author; nor does the colonel at all trespass on our appetite's friend, Dr. Kitchener, as his directions are only to teach the sportsman how to supply himself with good cheer under all circumstances; but we must let our readers have a spice of the colonel's quality as an author. We have already hinted at receiving tithe or levying black mail on such sportsmen as may profit by our introducing them to this work, and, as we are partial to partridge, ever since we heard of the almanack-maker, and read Dean Swift's account of his death, we shall quote directions for partridge-shooting, in order to make our chance as good as possible:—

'Partridge-Shooting.—Most young sportsmen, and many old ones, fancy, that nothing great can be done on the first day, without they go out as soon as they can see to distinguish a bird from a dog. This may possibly be necessary for those who start from a town, where two or three unfortunate coveys are to be contended for by half the lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, sporting parsons, and tradesmen, in the place; but, under other circumstances, this is the very worst method that can be adopted.

'In the first place, the birds being, at this time, on the feed, will not always lie well. By your springing them from the run,

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ferred; and, I
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the covey is pretty sure to take wing alto-
gether; and, being once disturbed in this
manner, it becomes, afterwards, much more
difficult to disperse them, than if they had
been left quiet till the dew had dried on the
grass. Secondly, you throw off with long
shots instead of fair ones; which, to say the
least of it, is not a favourable beginning
either for yourself or dogs. Thirdly, for
one who may have no relay of pointers or
setters, it should be recollected, how much
better bestowed would be the work, which
he takes out of them while slaving to little
purpose in the dew of the morning, if he re-
served it for the afternoon. This, from
about three till six, is the time of day (in
the early part of the season), that all the
best shots are to be got. The birds are then
scattered, and driven to the low grounds
and meadows; where, with steady dogs,
they may be found one or two at a time, and
picked up as fast as he can load and fire.

The most partridges I have seen bagged
in a day by one person, in a country not
preserved, were twenty-three brace, in kill-
ing which I remember, that, although he
began in the very best quarter, and every-
thing favoured, as well as it possibly could
be, his starting at daylight, yet he only got
three shots before nine o'clock.

Although he had four relays of dogs, yet
he felt confident, that he should have killed
at least seven brace more, if he had left the
coveys undisturbed till about half past seven
or eight.

The person who performed this, and the
double shooting before alluded to, went out
in a subsequent year at nine o'clock, sur-
rounded by other shooting parties, who had
been hard at work since the break of day.
He had this season a far inferior breed of
birds, and he had only one, and that a very
old dog. He took refreshment and rested
from twelve till two; shot again till six, and
then went home to dinner, having killed
fifty partridges and a hare, with only miss-
ing two very long shots, though he invari-
ably used both his barrels whenever the co-
veys rose within gunshot. To this one dog
he bagged in all, at different times, in a wild
country, 3163 head of game.

Much game as I have seen killed in a
September day, I do not recollect one soli-
tary instance of any thing extraordinary be-
ing done, very early in the morning. With
regard to where, and how we are to beat
for game, &c. it would now be even unne-
cessary to inform a school-boy; and, in-
deed, others having mentioned all particu-
lars is a sufficient reason for my not imposing
on the reader's patience with what he will
have seen before, and what to describe,
would lead me into the very subject of other
sporting authors. Suffice it therefore to
say, that the great object is, first, to have
good markers* judiciously placed, and then

* Always be sure to tell a young marker
that he must carry his eye well forward when a
covey of birds begin to skim in their flight, and
consider, that as they may continue doing so
for a field or two, he cannot safely say, that he
has marked them down, till he has seen them

to disperse the birds; the best way to do
which is to head your dogs, by taking an
extensive circle. The second is to make no
more noise than what cannot absolutely be
avoided, by doing as much by signal and
whistling, and as little by hallooing as possi-
ble. Thirdly, go first on hills to find, and
drive down from them, the birds, and then
in vales to kill them. Fourthly, when dis-
tressed for partridges, in a scarce country at
the end of the season, take a horse, and gal-
lop from one turnip field to another, instead
of regularly slaving after inaccessible co-
veys.

Many an excellent shot has come home
with an empty bag, under the following cir-
cumstances. He has gone out in a cold raw
day, and found that the birds were scarce
and wild, and that even in turnips they
would not lie. But had he then tried one
kind of land, to which almost every man, as
well as his dog, has a dislike—the fellows,
he might possibly have got some good dou-
ble shots; because the birds, finding it a
misery to run here, particularly if he walked
across the fallows, will sometime lie till they
are sprung the fairest possible shots.

One extract more, and we have done; it
is a receipt for making Glasgow punch,
which the colonel was made acquainted
with while quartered at Glasgow, where it
is universally drank; and where, says the
colonel, 'its excellence was only equalled
by the hospitality of the inhabitants.' It is
as follows:—

A wine-glass nearly full of best refined
lump sugar pounded; twelve ditto of cold
spring water. A lime and half a lemon, or
if no lime, a whole lemon, which might yield
about half a wine-glass full of juice. Two
wine-glasses brimfull of old Jamaica rum.
Let the sugar be well melted, and the le-
mons thoroughly amalgamated with it, and
the water, before you add the spirit. Or to be
much more brief, I will say, for cold punch,

One sour,
Two sweet,
Four strong,
Twenty weak.

Colonel Hawker's work is embellished
with several coloured engravings, from draw-
ings made by himself, for his accomplish-
ments are not confined to sporting or writ-
ing. His work is a complete sportsman's ma-
nual, from which even the most practised
may derive information, and the novice ac-
quire eminence in this branch of field sports.

*The Hermit in Edinburgh; or, Sketches of
Manners and Real Characters and Scenes
in the Drama of Life.* 3 vols. 12mo.
London, 1824.

So much have we been accustomed of late
years to meet with hermits where they never
before were heard of, that we are by no
means surprised at finding one of them in
Edinburgh, particularly as the known hospi-
tality of its inhabitants was certain of pro-
curing him a hearty welcome, while the
mixed character of its population, the emi-

stop and flap their wings, which all game must
do, before they can alight on the ground.

nence of its public institutions, and the high
character of its literati and literature afford-
ed scope the most ample for observation.

The hermit, rambling to revels and mix-
ing in all the fashionable levities of the day,
may seem somewhat anomalous, but, that
difficulty over, the disguise is a good one, if
well sustained; we confess, however, that
most of our hermits have rather been con-
tent to take things as they found them, than,
with that philosophy which is supposed to
belong to the character, tell us how they
ought to be. The author of the Hermit in
Edinburgh, however, does occasionally lash
vice and ridicule folly; though generally,
but not always, without a spice of ill nature.
The Hermit in London, the name of whose
reputed author was recently made more
public than might have been wished, is not
the production of one individual, but was
written by several hands, and we have
heard that Capt. McDonough had a very
small share in the authorship indeed. Who
may own the Hermit in Edinburgh, we
know not, nor is it essential to know it; the
author tells us that the scenes in Edinburgh,
which he has described, 'occupy the space
of many years, varying with men and man-
ners;' the men and manners, however, do
not seem to have altered much, and the
work is more a picture of Auld Reekie at
the present than any former period; the
volumes, however, embrace many recollec-
tions of the olden time. Some of these
sketches are clever, but a few of them are
disfigured by indelicacies, and the author is
so fond of punning, that he strains for it on
all occasions, and frequently without suc-
cess. A couple of sketches we subjoin, as
specimens:—

Old and new style.—The qualities of
prudence, precaution, foresight, and thrift,
belong very decidedly to the lowland Scotch:
the mountaineer imbibes them from ming-
ling with the inhabitants of the plains and
of large towns, or he exercises them from
the mistrust which he harbours towards the
lowlander. Nature and locality are at
variance with them; and, in primitive times,
his heart and his habits were strangers to
them. On the other hand, the latter has a
feeling of enmity towards the rock and hill-
climber; or he holds him cheap in the scale
of estimation. The properties already al-
luded to draw on Saunders the epithet of
'plodding,' which ought only to be termed
patient, persevering, diligent fidelity, and
honest pride, which induces persons with-
out fortune to acquire it honestly and in-
dustriously. There is, however, a slowness
about the Scot which is truly national; and
it guards him against mistakes, temerity,
thoughtlessness, and first impressions. The
old style was slower in its progress than the
new, and there are still remnants and relics
of it all over Scotland, even in its highly-
improved capital; nor can I help having a
certain superstition of respect towards them.
The tenacity with which the Edinburghian
gentlemen adhered to powder and a tail,
was one instance of it: the jealousy and
affright with which the brutus-crop was first
viewed, not far differing from the distances

betwixt the Roundhead and Cavalier; the consideration with which the Caledonian receives a fashion; the fear of counterfeits; and the serious habits, external and internal, of men of weight and consequence in the Scottish capital, are all incontrovertible proofs, that reflection is the incessant attendant on this prudent and thinking people. Even the cocked hat, exploded by all other walking gentry, survived its general expulsion elsewhere, and triumphed over prejudice in Edinburgh: the humane, the charitable Doctor Hamilton, preserved it to the last of his valuable life, as did other grave characters; and I think I yet see old Sandy Wood bent upon doing good also, and with a back like a relaxed bow, in his antique attire and three-cornered beaver; and that pillar of worth, Sir William Forbes, in the costume of the last century, with a profusion of grey locks, tied in a club, and a cloud of hair-powder flying about him on a windy day: his tall upright figure is missed in the circles of mortal life; the poor miss him also; and it has been regretted, that at the Bank in Parliament Close, no faithful copy of his urbanity was to be found, and that there was no more likeness betwixt the old and new style, than betwixt Banquo's ghost and the benevolent banker aforesaid*.

The High Street oracle, again, whose shop stood as prominent as himself, was a striking picture of the old school; but instead of the quaint bookseller in dittos, flapped waistcoat, &c. we find dandies dealing in books, and would-be-exquisites introduced into retail shops.

The spencer, happily some years out of fashion, was very long before it could be brought into general wear in Edinburgh; and I remember a venerable lord of sessions' lady calling them monkey-dresses. It was a vile article, and ought never to have been admitted but for its use,—namely, for riding, when the skirts of a great coat are incumbrances. It was less ridiculous, too, when of the same colour as the coat, because it was less perceptible; but the inept imitator, fearing lest his folly should not be sufficiently manifest, always preferred a different colour. Then even, at this time, Sir Jemmy Jockey, who belonged to a horse-racing and hunting set, adopted a postilion-jacket, which he and his intellectual socii used to sport in the capital even.

Such was the old style: the new is not more dignified nor gentlemanlike, being the coachman garb and manner; yet the number of these fashionable whips is confined to a few: first, because extravagance is of stunted growth, and is impeded by prudence in boreal regions; and next, because Donald and Sandy look at their banker's ac-

* There was a Sir John Clover (we will so call him) in this respectable establishment: he is supplanted by a blade of grass which has sprung up apace, but which has not the rich growth, as to amiable qualities, of his sire. The young and giddy, who are "tickled by a straw," may not perceive his uncourtly consequence, as modern taste is preferable with the ignorant to the antique, however high its value.

count twice, before they overdraw it for a set of cattle, a break or a mail, a box-coat, and a caricature of a hat. An impertinent ruffian from the south, swore that he never met with a good whip from Scotland, except in the West Indies, driving blacks and piebalds. Be that as it may, Sandy seldomer comes under the lash of the law than his neighbour beyond the border.

In the olden times, excessive drinking was general. It had, for its excuse, the virtue of hospitality: it was supported by generosity, and sometimes borne out by table wit, rough, for the most part, like the cairngorm, or the other jewels of the rocks, and having some gross matter about it, but luminous to a certain degree, and of intrinsic value. The guest, seated at the festive board at set of sun, was frequently found there at the rising thereof, for there was nothing but heavy drinking, or (rarely) a reel made up above stairs for the youngest men, whilst a set-to was the amusement of the elders.

In our more modern times, sobriety is coming into vogue: beardless boys talk of intrigues, of female conquests, of foreign manners, and of polished dissipation, whilst *ecartè* and *la bouillotte* drain the pockets after dinner, and the captivating notes of the harp charm the ear, or the seducing attitudes and movements of the waltz set weak hearts a-straying, and mislead weak minds into all the errors of more sunny climes: a few young ladies dexterously finger the castanet; and those who warbled Burns's Scottish songs, now imprudently chant the soft melodies of Moore, or murder Italian *bravuras*, for which the power of execution has not been granted to them.

Honest Maister Dundas, a certain defunct lord of session, and a certain — fire club, were amongst the last hard drinkers. There are now few left—

To toast their old glories,
As our sires and our grandsires oft did before us,"

nor do we see (as was the case, less than half a century ago) a worthy northern duke getting fu' with the *buillies*, and giving a stimulus to loyalty by the juice of the grape. Public dinners are voted a bore, and are got over, like a child's prayers, by routine, or by a fear of government censure. The old-fashioned toast puts down the liquor, and with it a man may swallow anything. Time was when Queen Charlotte went off to the tune of

"The bonniest lass of a' the world;"
and that able minister, Pitt, was drank with
"Up and war them a', Willy."

Now toasts are greatly on the decline, and a young clerk would rather listen to "Portrait Charming," or attempt to sing "C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour," than join in any national air whatever. It is, notwithstanding, devoutly to be wished, that "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," may long hold their places in society.

With the change of fashion in singing, the dance has also experienced a new turn. For how many years did the grotesque Mr. Strange lead on his capering legions in the

high dance, minuet, and highland fling, not without grace and agility! How many mothers' hearts beat high with tender feelings, as Bell or Ellen was taken out to figure on the boards! What crowding, what squeezing, to get a peep at a favourite at these *prac-ti-sings*! How many beautiful creatures, now sage mothers, or stricken in years, used to compete for the prize of general applause! How many departed heroes sought for partners at these juvenile assemblies! I cannot recollect them without an emotion of affection, nor can I refrain from exclaiming—

"How many a lad I have lov'd is dead,
How many a lass grown old;
Whene'er this lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart runs cold."

Then, too, female delicacy preferred a female instructress, in the person of Signora Rosignoli, to a foreign ballet-master; and this truly moral and virtuous character turned out some very perfect and finished scholars from her hands. How the female pupils of the Italian and French school may turn out, remains for consideration; and into what hands they may fall, time only can determine.

Wives and mothers have been seen in the old style, whose virtues are chronicled by their grateful posterity; and I am bold to say that the "Scandalous Chronicle" never touched their names, nor sullied the honour of their families. It will be well if the exports from the Tweed to the French coast come back as chaste; they have my good wishes, not unmixed with fears.

Buckism was a rough plant in the old style, as dandyism is a spurious one in the new style. There is nothing however to regret in the decline in fashion of Jock Such-a-thing, Frank Ambulator, Binny Monbother, and Jemmy Peacocktoes; nor even of the brass-spurred Highlander, the lady-killer. They were loud and obtrusive, half-bred, and one-third polished: the vernacular *vulgar tongue* was not of a piece with their assumptions, and they had little to recommend them, except their self-confidence, where such a quality may be deemed an advantage.

The Scotch ladies had, at the same period, a strange *homely* habit of calling their husbands "*my man*," as if they were more of men than at present, or as if the pronoun possessive endeared them to their partners, and marked them as *solely* theirs. This expression is now quite obsolete, but whether and what be the reason regards not, although it may concern

THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.

After an article on Scotch wit, which is by far the duller chapter in the three volumes, comes—

The Company of Royal Archers.—After the subject of wit, that of archery may, not improperly, be introduced: the wit and the toxophilite are both marksmen: they carry their winged arrows with them, and they wound more or less deeply as they are tempered, pointed, and skillfully managed: both occasionally, too, draw a long bow. But barring all these similarities, there is something of the olden time in the Royal Com-

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any of Archers; there is a dash of the gal-
lant and warlike, which brings back to the
mind the battles of the ancients, when a
shower of arrows often decided the fate of
the day, or of a kingdom.

I do not mean to set up the Edinburgh
Royal Archers as the first or the highest
company in the world. There are the
Kentish Bowmen, and the Surrey Bowmen,
the Border Bowmen, and archers from
various parts of England of high renown,
all attired in Lincoln green, and armed
cap-a-pie; but I dwell a little upon the
Edinburgh Company of Royal Archers, for
country's and for antiquity's sake. The an-
onymous author of *Quentin Durward*, and
so many other Scotch novels, which are
much indebted to old annals, chronicles,
and historical documents, has revived the
memory of the Scottish archers or bowmen
who were in the French service, and given
another ray of lustre to the archers of Auld
Reekie.

There is an elegance in the attitude of
the archer. It requires judgment, a correct
eye, and it may serve, for aught I know
(for Hermits are no sportsmen,) to make a
man a good shot, or a long shot; and the
rivalry for the medal, or silver arrow, is not
without its attraction. Nor do I regret that
the town does not boast of female toxo-
pholites: an arch look is quite sufficient for
the fair, without other arms: the charms of
a pretty woman can do mischief enough
without these hostile weapons; and it may
be said to these *belles*,

"—there lies more peril in those eyes,
Than twenty of their swords."

SHAKESPEARE.

One thing seems a little odd to a Scotch-
man, namely, that so many professional
men, and, above all, lawyers, should be
satisfied "*de tirer au blanc*," to shoot at
nothing; for Sandy, in common, gives
nothing for nothing. Nor can I, overmuch,
admire the costume which they have adopt-
ed, and which looks nothing short of ridi-
culous:—when the marksman wears a wig,
when he is old, and not overburdened with
beauty; or when he has a pair of spectacles
on his nose, three circumstances not unfre-
quent amongst the company, there is, in the
garb which they have assumed, an unnatu-
ral mixture of the highland and of the low-
land taste—a bonnet without the kilt, and
tartan without any other mountain accom-
paniment. Were they made one thing or
the other, the uniform might be understood;
but as it now is, it puts one more in mind of
the black-faced gentleman with the dagger
of lath than of any other thing, only that
these worthies have not his nimble foot, and
would not exert all his agility, or encounter
his perils, unless their columbine had plen-
ty o' siller in her pouch.

It is observed (and I leave my reader to
make his own comments on the subject),
that the ordinary winners of the prize were
doctors and advocates. Doctor Spence,
the hope of volunteering celebrity; a bar-
onet, Sir George (we will say no more),
who had studied the law; and others who
plumed themselves on the mischief of the

quill, being the most successful strugglers
for the reward of merit. I remember be-
ing present one day, when one of the an-
cients, in this fancy dress, "hit the bull's
eye," and a by-stander of the lower order,
said, in a half whisper to his companion,
"heigh! man, he's an *awld snack-drawer*,"
a term which will be well understood by my
countrymen, but which is beyond trans-
lating to those who are not acquainted with
Scotch phrases. The last time when this
royal corps figured in history was, when our
amiable King revived old remembrances,
and—

—————"kept court at Holyrood."

The national feeling of loyalty was evinced
upon this occasion; but the Caledonian has
always such a reserve of what he calls de-
cency and discretion, that their welcome
was a little of the *hotch potch* cast, a mix-
ture, where the heart, I believe, really took
part, but which old hobbling dame prudence
made a lame business of, while the boys of
Shamrockshire were all intoxicated with
joy, and did not know whether to cut off the
boughs of a tree at risk of their neck, by
way of coming down the *shortest* way to
see the king, or would plunge into a fluid,
not much suited to pat's taste (water), in
order to take his last farewell of the royal
visitor. It is to be hoped that his Majesty
will again visit his northern kingdom, when
Sandy will be more prepared for the honour,
when his mind will be made up to the thing,
and he will be more accustomed to the
royal presence. Surprise is a thing that up-
sets Sandy completely; but *gie him time*,
and he knows what he is about. It is also
desirable that a certain cold foreign-fash-
ioned duke may be confined by the gout to
his apartment, or may be bestowing his
grace's speeches on some singer, player,
painter, or other artist of the Italian school.
A word to the wise: a little of *her* grace's
grace and amenity would be of much service
to him. One word more on the combina-
tion of the arrow and the quill, of shooting
with the former, and of despatching with
the latter. A wag assured me that *musa*
was no longer the first Latin noun substan-
tive learned at the high school, but that
penna was substituted in its place, in hon-
our of the writers to the signet, and of the
other numerous writers, of all kinds, who
live by the ink-horn, and who swell the
ample page.

To a book-worm the gymnastic exer-
cises appear only fitted for boyhood, and
are then more eligible for the sake of health,
than of utility. When reason is ripe, and
the thinking man is formed, those habits
might be dispensed with, since riding and
walking serve all the purposes of unbending
the mind, and of giving exercise to the body.
In the diversions of hunting, horse-racing,
archery, and shooting, the passions are en-
gaged. In the two last, as well as in playing
at billiards, the mind has something to feed
on, both from the emulation created by
dexterity, and from calculation, not to men-
tion the obliging friends with game, and the
putting money in the pocket at the billiard-
table. The joys of angling, and of playing

at ball, are unknown to the writer; and he
cannot help thinking that an elderly gentle-
man, with a bald or powdered head, long
back, and upright form, or an old fat mer-
chant thrust into a short jacket, and pers-
piring with a long stick in his hand, at golfe,
looks rather silly. Old Corri once met a
school-boy, and said to him, "my dear, I
just saw your *grand papa* running after a
ball on Leith Links, as if he was run mad."

To conclude, a degree of respect certain-
ly attaches to this ancient and royal com-
pany, which would be benefitted by a little
more taste than fancy in its clothing. Dress
and address are powerful auxiliaries
through life. The Scot wants not the in-
trinsic, the inward man, the sober and cor-
rect conduct, which will make a man
blameless through life; but a few grains of
warm feeling, and a little more graceful *de-
hors*, would not be unserviceable to him in
the eyes of

'THE HERMIT IN EDINBURGH.'

The Hermit in Edinburgh is an amusing
work, and forms a very agreeable relaxation
in the dog-days, when sprightly productions
are the most attractive readings.

—
*A Poet's Thoughts at the Interment of Lord
Byron.* By WILLIAM HOWITT, one of
the Authors of *The Forest Minstrel*, &c.
8vo. London, 1824.

THAT Mr. Howitt is a poet, his *Forest Min-
strel* proved, and we were the first to do jus-
tice to his talents; his *Thoughts on the inter-
ment of the mighty dead*, for such will Lord
Byron be deemed in spite of the envy of some
and the malignity of others, are such as are
calculated to raise the poetical character of
Mr. Howitt, and are as honourable to his
liberality as they are creditable to his ta-
lents. They are the homage of a man of ge-
nius to talents of an order which he can
justly appreciate; indeed, the author seems
unconsciously to have caught a large por-
tion of that spirit of poesy which his mo-
desty made him view at a distance. It is
by far the best tribute yet paid to the highly-
gifted Byron, and we shall be much surpris-
ed to find it surpassed. The poem is short,
and we must apologize, not to the reader,
but to the author, for quoting even half a
dozen stanzas from it, though we would
gladly give the whole:—

'His birth, his death, dark fortunes, and brief
life,
Wond'rous and wild as his impetuous lay,
Passed through my mind; his wand'rings,
loves, and strife:
I saw him marching on from day to day:
The kilted boy, roaming midst mountains
grey;
The noble youth, whose life-blood was a
flame,
In the bright land of demi-gods astray;
The monarch of the lyre, whose haughty
name
Spread on from shore to shore the watchword
of all fame—

'And now a lifeless form. The spell is broke;
The wizard's wild enchantment is destroy'd;
He who at will did dreadful forms invoke,
And called up beautiful spirits from the void,
Back to the scenes in which he early joyed

He comes, but knows it not. In vain earth's bloom,
In vain the sky's clear beauty, which oft buoyed
His spirit to delight: an early doom
Brings him in glory's arms to the awaiting tomb.

* * * * *

'I stood beside his tomb. 'Twas open thrown,
And in its dimness show'd the coffin'd dead,
His long-departed sires. I seem'd alone;
For from my heart all present things had fled:
My thoughts were in their strong entrance-
ment led
To mighty bards of old, who, living, found,
Like him, the gall of hate and envy shed
Sorely upon them, but in death were crown'd
With homage, and deep love, and glory with-
out bound.

'And such shall be his lot. He joyed to stand
Battling with men's opinions, and to be
The dauntless Ismael of the age, whose hand
Rose against all, whilst all, in their degree,
Paid back his blows with wrathful rivalry.
He erred,—he suffer'd;—he provoked the dread
And rancour of the many; and even he,
Who scorned to groan, yet sometimes inly
bled.
But sacred rest lie now, we war not with the
dead.'

* * * * *

'His note was as a trumpet, through and
through
Thrilling, and kindling strange delight it
came.
His wing was the young eagle's; forth he
flew,
And boldly gazing on the sun of fame,
Earth sank beneath him, and the critic's aim
Served but to rouse and wing him to his
height,
Where sailing on, through sunshine or the
flame
Of stormy bolts, he found a stern delight,
And woe were to the head which dared him
from his flight.

'At times a giant, clad with might, he rose,
And in his sportive joyance, or his rage,
Would shake the temple of man's sole re-
pose;
And all that soothes life's melancholy stage,
Hope's ardent song, the authority of age,
The works of wisdom trembled to their fall:
Then suddenly his wrath he would assuage,
And with a laugh whose merriment had gall,
He left them, but as things he valued not at all.

'Then was he a magician. Rocks and waves,
Dim desolate wilds, were visible at his nod;
Huge mountains with their torrents, crags,
and caves,
In whose dark shade yet darker beings trod;
Beings, in whose natures demon, man, and
god
Mingled mysteriously; and he would bare
Their spirits to your vision with his rod,
And from their inmost heart to open air
Would draw their grief, guilt, greatness, and
their stern despair.

'And then this wild scene, and its wilder
crew,
Would dissipate, and in their place would
rise
Regions all basking in the radiant blue
Of eastern heavens, and lovely things, whose
eyes
Were full of the sweet alment of sighs

And deathless passion; and himself would
pour
Out of his glowing bosom such supplies
Of a pathetic song as, evermore,
Melted the chilliest hearts, probed soft ones to
the core.'

*Tour on the Continent, in France, Switzer-
land, and Italy.* By ROGER HOG, Esq.
(Concluded from p. 513.)

WE promised, in our last, to give some ex-
tracts from Mr. Hog's description of Rome,
and shall commence with his account of St.
Peter's:—

'In approaching St. Peter's, it does not
appear so large as it really is. When you
arrive at the magnificent circular colonade,
with the obelisk, and the two fine fountains
which adorn the centre of it, it has more
the appearance of a grand palace than a
church. The numerous carriages of the
cardinals and others, arriving and departing
from it, on festival days, favour this idea still
more.

'The front, which is more modern than
the rest of the building, is three hundred
and seventy feet long, and one hundred and
forty-nine feet high, with the colossal stat-
ues of our Saviour and the twelve apostles,
placed on the balustrade at top, over all
which appears the large dome and two
smaller ones. The columns, or rather half
columns, in the front of the church, are
eighty-eight feet high, including the bases
and capitals, and eight feet three inches in
diameter, notwithstanding which, at a little
distance, they only appear of a very mode-
rate size, such are the grand proportions of
the building.

'On entering the church, you are forcibly
struck by its beauty and grandeur. In front,
under the cupola, is placed the principal
altar and shrine of St. Peter, supported by
spiral columns of gilt bronze, round which
are innumerable lamps of silver gilt, enclos-
ed by a magnificent railing, where the pious
of every rank and description kneel and
offer up their vows. It is eighty-six feet in
height, as high as the Palazzo Farnese,
which, though in a low situation itself, is the
highest palace in Rome.

'The four walls, or piers, that support
the cupola, which is all of solid architecture,
not partly of wood, as that of St. Paul's is,
are a hundred and sixty-six feet high, and
the dome itself, a hundred and thirty feet
in diameter, is a hundred and fifty-five feet
above them. The roof is ornamented with
mosaics of our Saviour and the saints, in
compartments. The arches and door-ways
of the chapels and side aisles, &c. are chiefly
of a red-coloured marble, relieved by me-
dallions and other ornaments of white. It
is adorned likewise by copies in mosaics, of
some of the most celebrated pictures of the
first artists; the Transfiguration of Raphael,
the St. Jerome of Domenichino, the Angel
Raphael by Guido, the Exhumation or Dis-
interment of St. Petronella, by Guercino,
St. Peter raising up Tabitha, and others.

'Beautiful as the interior of the church
is, on looking from the altar to the east end,
by which you enter it, and which, in Gothic

churches, from the large window of painted
glass, generally placed there, is frequently
the grandest part of the church; I must con-
fess the inferiority of the Grecian architec-
ture, compared with the Gothic, in this part
of the edifice.

'The sacristy, erected by the late Pope
Pius the Sixth, is a very grand edifice, and
must have cost an immense deal of money;
the large presses around it, containing the
church plate, &c. are entirely composed of
Brazil wood.

'In walking round the church, which
does not stand on an elevated spot like St.
Paul's, neither is there a proper drive all
round it, it resembles a great gigantic castle,
or palace, with vast Doric pilastres, and
three large bows at the sides and eastern ex-
tremity. It is built of a sort of coarse
brownish marble, called travertino. There
is a passage, I believe, in many parts of it,
in the thickness of the walls; so that they
may be considered in a manner as double.
It certainly is destined to last as long as the
works of antiquity. In my opinion, the ex-
terior of St. Paul's, taken altogether, is finer
than that of St. Peter's, though I certainly
must give the preference to the dome of the
latter.

'The Vatican was the next place visited by
Mr. Hog, and he describes and enumerates
some of the most splendid works of art that
are preserved in that palace: among these
are the celebrated frescos of Raphael:—

'They are four in number, and the paint-
ings still in good preservation. The Par-
nassus, the Dispute on the Sacrament, the
Liberation of St. Peter from prison by the
angel, the School of Athens, the Heliodorus,
the Victory over the Saracens at Ostia, by
Leo IV., the Coronation of Charlemagne,
and all those in the three first chambers, are
by Raphael himself; the Vision of the Cross
in the air to Constantine, which was the
cause of his conversion to the Christian
faith, and his victory over Maxentius, at the
Ponte Molle, certainly the finest battle-piece
that ever was painted, which are in the
fourth chamber, are by Julio Romano. Af-
ter having thus made the entire circuit of
the vast quadrangle of the Vatican Museum,
which, however, is a great deal too much to
see all at once, you again come out into the
loggia of Raphael. In the garden contain-
ed in the space enclosed by the building, is
to be seen the immense cone, or pine-apple,
of gilt bronze, which was placed on the
summit of the tomb of Adrian.'

The Quirinal Palace of the Pope was also
visited:—

'It is a grand and spacious building, and
the street, which is partly formed by one
side of it, the finest in Rome. In front of
the gateway, on Monte Cavallo, are the two
celebrated horses, guided by colossal figures,
seventeen feet high, of Grecian sculpture,
the one by Phidias, and the other by Prax-
iteles, representing, as it is supposed, Castor
and Pollux. The palace consists of two
large courts. The apartments are splendid
and cheerful. In the chapel, over the altar,
is a picture of the Annunciation by Guido,
which is reckoned one of the finest of his

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works. The gardens are extensive and agreeable; as they are situated upon a declivity, they are raised towards the north and east by very lofty walls and terraces. There are some of the pope's servants, and among these the porters at the gates, who cannot fail attracting the notice of a stranger, as their costume resembles exactly one of the knaves in a pack of cards; red, yellow, and blue, mixed, or rather patched together, with ruffs of coarse lace, and leather caps; in short, figures more fit for a pantomime than attending on his holiness.

Not far from the Quirinal Palace, in going towards the Porta Pia, by turning to the right, you come to a large open space, or square, where is situated that vast building, the *Thermae of Dioclesian*, part of which, the pinacotheca, or principal hall of the baths, being still very entire, was converted by Pius the Fourth, under the direction of Michael Angelo, into a church, in form of a Greek cross, and it is now the church of Santa Maria de Angelis. You enter it by a round vestibule, which was one of the halls of the baths, and in which are the tombs of Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, and others. It is three hundred and thirty-six feet long, from the door to the altar, and the cross nave is three hundred and eight feet in length. There are eight columns of granite in the centre, all of one piece, sixteen feet in circumference, and forty-three feet in height, besides what is under ground, the pavement having been raised in forming it into a church. On its walls are fine paintings by Carlo Maratti, and the St. Sebastian of Domenichino. A meridian line is traced on the pavement of the church by Bianchini. Adjoining the church, likewise, in part of the *Thermae*, is the convent of the *Charitreuse*, the cloister of which is the work of Michael Angelo. The portico which goes round, is supported by a hundred columns of travertine, over which are four long open galleries. In the area of the cloister is a fountain of water, and four lofty cypress trees.

From thence, in my way to the Corso, I descended the Quirinal Mount, to the beautiful fountain of Trevi, which has its source eight miles from Rome, and is conveyed there by a subterraneous aqueduct, fourteen miles in length, of ancient workmanship. The water issues from a great mass of artificial rock, in front of a fine building, adorned with columns, and falls into a large basin of marble below. There is an alcove in the centre of the building, in front of which is a statue of the Ocean in his car, guided by Tritons, placed upon the rock. Though fountains of this description are certainly too artificial, yet it is impossible not to admire the fountain of Trevi; as likewise that in the Piazza Navone, the fountain Paulina, on the Janiculan Hill, supplied by the Aqua Julia, and several others in Rome.

The museum of the Capitol is rich in sculpture of the first excellence:—

The hall of busts is one of the most interesting parts of the museum. We there meet with those of most of the philosophers and celebrated men, as likewise of the Em-

perors and Empresses. They are all, in general, larger than life, as I ascertained by putting my hat on the bust of a boy, I believe of Lucius Verus, but which was much too small for it. In the centre of the hall is a fine recumbent statue of a Roman lady, in a chair, supposed to be that of Agrippina, the sleeves of her dress tied with ribbons.

In the next hall is a Jupiter of black marble: the two Furietti Centaurs, as they are called, of dark gray or black marble, found at the Villa Adriana, by Greek artists; they resemble ebony, and the legs are very slender: an infant Hercules of basalt, as large as a man, but the proportions well preserved, which was found in the Aventine Mount; it is placed on a square pedestal, with very fine basso relievos, representing the history of the life of Jupiter: a colossal statue of Hercules, in gilt bronze, discovered in the Forum Boarium, to the north of the Palatine Hill: Venus and Mars: a Cupid bending his bow, one of the finest in the collection: a statue of a hunter, with a hare: the goddess Minerva, Apollo, and others.

You next enter a hall, in which is another celebrated Faun of rosso antico, finer even than that of the Vatican, and a Cupid with his finger on his lip, &c. and then pass into another, which is the last, with the Dying Gladiator in the centre, the celebrated Antinous, the Venus of the Capital, Antinous in an Egyptian habit, a Priestess carrying a vase, and others, and then enter the gallery again, and descend the staircase. I could not help saying to myself, as I left the museum, these, indeed, are the works of a most refined, though different race of men, from the present.

From the capital to the Tarpeian rock, is, with Mr. Hog, only one step. He says, the rock has nothing very tremendous in it, being only about thirty or forty feet in height. We shall conclude with Mr. Hog's account of the carnival and holy wars in Rome:—

During the carnival, all the inhabitants of Rome, that can either walk or be driven there, flock in masquerade to the Corso. From the carriages it is the custom to throw handfuls of little white balls, like sugar-plums, at passengers and each other. The most favourite masquerade dresses are old-fashioned embroidered coats with wigs, and old-fashioned silk gowns and head-dresses, in such variety, that it appears a matter of astonishment where they all come from. Polichinellos entirely white, mask and all, is another favourite dress. Banditti or assassins, in scarlet and gold with daggers, boys like demons, &c. Besides the masquerade in the streets during the day, there is another at night at the large theatre Aliberti, in the Strada Babuina. On the last day of the carnival, there are horse races for horses without riders. At this period the people of Rome, ecclesiastics and all, seem to indemnify themselves for the want of amusements during the rest of the year.

During the holy week there is so great a concourse of strangers to Rome, that unless you have lodgings beforehand, it is next to

impossible to obtain them. On Thursday, the Pope goes in state to St. Peter's. On Friday, in the evening, the church is lighted in the interior by a large illuminated cross, suspended from the centre of the great dome, which, as all the rest of it is in darkness, has a fine, and at the same time, a simple effect, shedding a mild lustre over the whole of the edifice. When the Pope leaves the Quirinal palace on Sunday, to proceed to St. Peter's, it is announced to the people by the firing of cannons from the castle of St. Angelo. His state carriage is an immensely large one, with a profusion of carving and gilding. It was followed by the King of Spain's, and a long train of others.

The church in the interior is lined on each side, as far as the dome, with soldiers, between whom the Pope is carried in his chair to the upper end, higher than the heads of the people. His robe is of white satin, richly embroidered over with crosses of gold, something at a distance resembling flowered brocade, and he wears his tiara with three bands of jewels encircling it. There are two immense fans, made of red velvet and ostrich feathers, carried over him on each side. He makes the sign of the cross during the time. Round the circle under the dome were high scaffoldings, filled with company to witness the solemn ceremony of his performing divine service and taking the sacrament, which he does seated, with the cardinals around him. When it is all over, he is carried out of the chancel as before, and shortly after appears at a window with a balcony in front of the building, high above the people, who are now assembled on the outside of the church, from whence he bestows his benediction on them, and the ceremony concludes. In the evening St. Peter's was illuminated all over with lamps, and the dome at a distance resembled a glittering bee-hive. Fire-works, the finest I have ever seen, were let off from the circular castle of St. Angelo, and thus ended the day. I confess the whole exhibition was to me rather a singular, though at the same time, a grand one, resembling too much, as I thought at the time, the church militant, or rather I should say, the church military. On the following day St. Peter's was again illuminated, as likewise all the streets and palaces of Rome.

Here we shall leave Mr. Hog, whose work is an unassuming account of the most remarkable places he visited, and a good guide for future travellers.

Moments of Forgetfulness. By THOMAS CLARE. 8vo. pp. 91. London, 1824.

As the twenty or thirty poems of which this volume consists, were all avowedly written during moments of forgetfulness, we ought not perhaps to expect much from them; but as the author has arranged his language into lines somewhat like poetry, it would perhaps have been as well if he had made them resemble it more in other respects. With the exception of one or two pieces, the whole are cold, dull, and prosaic.

Ingenious Scruples, chiefly relating to the Observance of the Sabbath, answered in Eight Letters, forming a supposed Series from a Father to his Daughter. By ALICIA CATHARINE MANT. 12mo. pp. 153. London, 1824.

MISS MANT is, we believe, the sister of the Rev. Dr. Mant, whose able vindication of the established clergy, in a Bampton lecture, gained him both fame and preferment. The Mants are hereditarily eminent for polemical discussions, and the volume before us is one that does no discredit to the family. The scruples here answered are not those of the sceptic or infidel, but such as might arise in an ingenuous mind, eager to know, and anxious to follow the truth. The duties of the sabbath are clearly pointed out and vindicated. The author is not a puritan or a methodist, but she strongly opposes the profane violation of that day which the divine command has fixed as a day of rest; and certain it is that the Sunday concerts and Sunday morning suppers after the opera, of our nobility, are greater violations of the sabbath than those of the butcher or baker who supplies provisions to such as, owing to their employers, had not the means of purchasing them on the previous evening.

The Beauties of Modern Literature, in Verse and Prose; to which is prefixed a Preliminary View of the Literature of the Age. By M. M'DERMOT. 8vo. pp. 484. London, 1824.

It is one of the characteristics of the present age, that the modesty which would make our ancestors blush at hearing themselves praised no longer exists, and every man may now, therefore, do justice to his own talents, without the imputation of vanity. Mr. M'Dermot feels this, and therefore, in his *Beauties of Modern Literature*, he not only quotes largely from a periodical he avowedly edits, but gives twenty pages at once, of *Beauties*, from his own *Inquiry into the Source of Tragic Pleasures*. We are far from feeling disposed to quarrel with this; on the contrary, we think if a man neglects to do justice to his own genius, how can he expect others to do it. Ben Jonson, in one of his prologues, told the audience, that the play that was to follow was good; and Mr. M'Dermot merely imitates so high an authority, when he assures us that his own work ranks among the beauties of modern literature.

The volume before us, in which verse (for it is not all poetry) predominates, consists principally of gleanings from the *Etonian*, the *New Monthly*, and the *European Magazines*; though we will do the editor justice to say, that he liberally quotes from an avowed rival of the latter (now defunct), the *New European Magazine*. The preliminary view of the literature of the age, is well written, and calculated to give Mr. M'Dermot a character as a critic, which the taste manifested in his selections does not justify: the *Beauties of Modern Literature*, however, form a pleasing volume, and the critical remarks of the editor are often acute, and generally correct.

Joanna, or the Female Slave. A West Indian Tale. 12mo. pp. 176. London 1824.

THE tale of Joanna is founded on Stedman's highly interesting Narrative of an Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam. The story is well told and well written, and the author, while he deems general emancipation to be neither practicable nor advisable, strongly recommends the abolition of the power of the taskmaster over the slaves, and of every species of cruelty. The question of negro slavery is, one which we shall take an early opportunity of noticing; in the mean time, we recommend the tale of Joanna to every humane and feeling mind.

The Family Picture Gallery; or, Every-day Scenes. Depicted by many Close Observations. In 4 vols. 8vo. pp. 1546. London, 1824.

WITHOUT boasting any extraordinary degree of critical courage, we may perhaps be allowed to say we are not easily intimidated by books; yet, without betraying any symptoms of cowardice, we may confess that a novel of fifteen hundred pages somewhat startled us. Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison rushed at once on our memory; but Samuel Richardson we knew to be dead, and the hope that his prosing had expired with him revived us. The Family Picture Gallery is however, after all, too long a novel. Blackwood's Magazine once observed that Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker* contained genius and originality enough for twenty novels—the Family Picture Gallery certainly contains characters and incidents for half a dozen. It is written in a style which, though not censurable, possesses no marked feature, and the whole story is so interwoven and concerted, that no analysis that we can give would afford an outline of it, nor any extract a fair specimen of its merits. Such of our readers, therefore, as feel inclined to know more of the Family Picture Gallery than we communicate, had better consult the work itself, and if they do not feel themselves gratified to the extent they anticipate, they will find nothing to offend them. Many of the characters are well drawn, and several of the scenes are those, if not of real life, at least bearing such an affinity to it, as to appear perfectly natural.

ORIGINAL.

THE CLAIMS OF SCHOOL-BOYS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—At a time when the general interests of humanity, and the rights of nearly every class of sufferers in our own country, and those of others also, are observed, canvassed, and as far as possible ascertained and defended,—when societies, hospitals, savings-banks, loans, and bonds of all description are afloat, it is no less surpris-

ing than true, that one injured and oppressed class has escaped all observation, and remains unbenefitted by all parties, viz. that numerous body, denominated school-boys.

As one of this suffering community, allow me, Mr. Editor, to trespass on a small portion of your paper, for the just and patriotic purpose of drawing the public mind to a consideration of the justice of our claims, the magnanimity with which we have hitherto endured unparalleled grievances with dignified silence, or loud yet speechless remonstrance, and the peculiarities of those hardships which attach to us. These hardships are unquestionably the more unjust in their infliction, because it is allowed on all hands, 'that we are an innocent, if not an unoffending race,' and that, so far from desiring to obtrude our sorrows on the public ear, we would prefer to amuse it by obstreperous mirth, and court it by 'hours of idleness.'

I do not pretend to rank our distresses with those of the pauper, the maimed, the halt, or the blind; nor require that workhouses or infirmaries should be erected, at an unnecessary expense to the country, for our accommodation. In fact, Mr. Editor, the numerous gothic buildings and modern edifices constructed all over this populous country, for the express purpose of imprisoning, contracting, thwarting, insulting, and torturing us, are among the principal causes of complaint I wish to bring forward. It appears to me that our emancipation would be best effected by a consentaneous rising of all the aggrieved members, which is in fact of the whole body—for 'all are offended,' more or less; and as Tom Paine has informed us that, 'for a nation to be free, it is sufficient that she will her freedom,' so I deem it right that we should, by one stroke, achieve that liberty that many strokes have rendered especially desirable.

It is true that we are now in the way of profiting by 'gradual abolition' of our slavery, and the well-known severity of all existing laws against rebellion, whether on a large or small scale, daily subjects us 'to bear the ills we have,' rather than meet those which 'we do know of,' and we would for the most part prefer redress from the legislature of the country, if we could obtain it, to any irregular proceedings. Surely, this wisdom and propriety on our parts entitle us to attention, since it must be well known that, in every community of school-boys, some factious dema-

argues may be found, desirous of perverting the minds of the amiable and well-disposed.

It is in fact a surprising defect in our glorious constitution, that (with the exception of the clergy) we are the only unrepresented body of importance in the country, a fact the more lamentable, because it is well known that we are all staunch friends of King George; in war time, most violent haters of the French, and singularly fond of displaying unbounded loyalty on all occasions of public rejoicing. It scarcely admits of doubt, that we make more bonfires than all the rest of his gracious Majesty's subjects put together, and that without our aid the infamy of Guy Fawkes would soon sink into oblivion. With the exception of King Solomon (of whose wisdom we entertain great doubts), we have a natural and proper regard for all legitimate kings, though we abhor all tyrants, seeing we daily suffer under their government, since the days of the tyrant Dyonisius, the first royal schoolmaster, who doubtless instituted that code of laws under which we groan even at the present moment.

Surely, if the government duly considered our number, influence, and importance in society, the figure we shall one day undoubtedly cut in both houses of Parliament, in the church, at the bar, and, still more, in the navy and the army—that amongst us must be found merchants, artists, poets, and newspaper writers,—they would see the propriety of considering our claims, relieving our distresses, ameliorating our condition, and giving us at least due importance in the scale of society, by arguing our case. The sweep-boys have had the honour to be taken up by one house, and set down by the other—their troubles have been despatched on, their merits and labours appreciated,—but who has given a sigh to the fag at St. Paul's or Westminster? Have the orations of Mr. Brougham elicited one spark of glowing indignation for him who cons a task at Eton? or the wit of Mr. Canning displayed the miseries of Harrow? Ah no! It might indeed be supposed, that young members would bring forward the evils under which they had lately smarted, but, alas! it has been hitherto found that very young members, like freshmen in colleges, are singularly given to adopt a more advanced age in their manners, and to appear forgetful of that stage of existence they but lately left. A few years later in life, it is true, these reminiscences return, and they are then

delighted to meet their former school-fellows at a splendid dinner at the London Tavern, or the Freemasons' Arms. We warn the public against the imposition such meetings may effect, since it is certain these parties never speak of school-boy suffering, save as connected with selfish memorials, or combined with ludicrous associations. I have indeed been assured that as the wine circulates, and one anecdote succeeds another, it is common for these persons to exclaim, 'ah, those were happy days!' although they are doubtless well aware that it is much easier to get through a dinner, and a desert into the bargain, than a hundred lines of Horace, and that a bottle of port affects the brain much more agreeably than a problem in Euclid.

Since, then, we are alike neglected by those who pretend to forget us, and those who desire to remember us, it is only to the public press, that 'great engine,' as you gentlemen of the press call it, that we can look for redress, except indeed that steam could be employed in our favour. Good Mr. Editor, by either one or both of these 'mighty powers,' I conjure you to awaken public energy and private contribution in our behalf—represent us by ancient and modern associations, by all the abilities your eloquence can employ, and your casuistry command, as an interesting and oppressed people, full of enthusiasm and noble daring—of unbroken spirits, untried vivacity, and a love of freedom, surpassing either Sparta in the old world, or Washington in the new. Tell them that, like the Greeks, we are under bondage to masters—who are, like the Turks, despotic in their power, determinate in extorting service, imposing tasks, and demanding improvement, even where the soil is sterile and the labourer averse to culture. Tell them, that although the Busbean race is extinct, and the system of starving the body by way of fattening the mind is most happily unknown to modern practice, yet that there still obtain numerous dire and tremendous evils, in the shape of canes and ferules, forfeits, tasks, and imprisonments, whereby the free-born spirit of the school-boy is cramped, and his inherent rights of play, idleness, noise, and mad pranks are cruelly curtailed; he is tied closely to that which he hates, and abridged of that which he loves, and is therefore compelled to appeal to the justice and compassion of his fellow creatures in general, and the lovers of glorious confusion in particular.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, in thus addressing you, I ought to have put a little Latin and less English into my letter, that being what young scholars generally do; but, to tell you the truth, I hate classics and I love story books; my eye is just now glancing on a Greek lexicon, and Robinson Crusoe: thus I have 'my bane and antidote both before me,' for indeed, without such consolations as are afforded by voyages and travels, murder tales, and bloody executions, I never could encounter such 'Gorgons and monsters, and chimeras dire,' as haunt the eyes and torment the heart of every school-boy, in the shape of grammars, dictionaries, and exercises. I am, yours, &c. HARRY.

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. XII.

HAD Sterne ever gone on the circuit with such a set of lawyers as we have at the present day, he would have found that a man might go from the Dan to the Beersheba of country assizes, and find all barren; at least, such has been my case during the last fortnight. Bar wit is really at as low an ebb as bar eloquence, and, in the whole course of my rambles, there was not a good thing issued from a head with a wig on it, except Sergeant Pell's joke at Salisbury, about the dog interrupting him. Even the witnesses partook of the dulness of the advocate. How a retort, like that of the Yorkshireman to Sergeant Cockle, would have enlivened the proceedings of a court of law; the sergeant told the witness he was saucy, and asked what sauce he liked best:—'Why, any sauce but Cockle sauce,' said the fellow. At York, there was a turn-up, which gave some promise, between Mr. Scarlett and the bantam cock of the bar, Mr. Williams, but it ended in nothing. Mr. Scarlett, in a horse case, said, if the horse was a roarer, he only corresponded with some counsel—meaning, it seems, the aforesaid Mr. Williams, who insinuated that Mr. S. resembled an animal with shorter legs and longer ears than a horse. The joke of Sergeant Pell, who actually conducted three cases without quoting Iago's reflections on reputation, is much better. The learned counsel was interrupted by a dog barking, on which he paused, he said, until the opposing counsel concluded his address, though he was not the only dogmatical counsel he expected to oppose him, looking significantly at Mr. Adam, who said,—'Go on, brother.' 'Is that addressed to me or my canine opponent,'

said the learned sergeant, and then proceeded with his address.

Despairing of getting any thing worthy of notice among the lawyers or witnesses, I had recourse to the names of criminals for amusement, and they, I confess, did not furnish much. I saw a *Sample* (a bad sample) convicted of stealing ribbon, and a *Savage* charged with setting fire to a house. Mary *Halfpenny*, though acquitted of murder, got a rap for cruelty to her servant, at Worcester; but I was most amused at Lincoln, with the attempt of a Mr. John to make himself a horned beast, and failing, was doomed to live with the wife he had defamed. I have since found the London police offices more prolific of humour in this respect. At Union Hall, I found a woman arraigned for polishing her husband's nose with a brass candlestick; but she denied the charge, and said, she only put his nose in a parenthesis. What could be more natural than that Mr. *Pert*, the pawnbroker, when he refused to give up a pledge, should laugh at the applicant; or that Mr. *Careless*, the cheesemonger, should have to complain that he could not 'save his bacon' from a poor woman with six starving children. *Flattery*, that gay deceiver, was charged at Marlborough Street, with robbing Colonel Hutchinson, not of his good sense, which it usually pilfers, but of his watch and seals, &c. Mr. *Light* was put in a dark watch-house for an assault; and Mr. Hume, of Aberdeen, compelled to sing 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' in a similar place, for causing a riot at the door of a certain house, in Lisle Street, where he supposed he had been robbed. To prevent all scandal or reproach on the moral character of the senator, it is necessary to state that this was not the 'man of calculation,' who commits no freaks of this sort. Mr. Hume thought he had lost his watch, and what, therefore, could be more natural than sending him to the watch-house. An alderman, who, as it is his first attempt in rhyme, begs me to conceal his name, until he sees how it takes, has sent me the following epigram on the subject:—

'I've lost my watch,' quoth Hume of Aberdeen.
'Your watch,' says Mrs. W—d, 'I have not seen ;'
'My chain is also gone,' says Mr. Hume,
'You have not it either, I presume ?'
'Indeed I've not,' says Mrs. Wood,
'But since you, sir, have thought it good
To claim your watch and chain from me,
You in the watch-house chain'd shall be.'

Much cannot be said in praise of the epigram, but it is not discreditable to

an alderman, Curtis and Birch excepted, for their flights are of a higher order.

Talking of aldermen reminds me of the commotion that has recently taken place among them, on hearing of a new sect of Christians, at Manchester, who live entirely on vegetables, and renounce all animal food. Sir W. Curtis declares such a mode of life endangers the constitution, and ought to be put down by government; Lord Mayor Waithman has written an epistle to these new Philippians, as they are called, in honour of the civic knight, who is of such delicate sensibility, that he has never touched animal food since his favourite rabbit was killed, when a boy. By the bye, if you ever meet the said knight at a public dinner, avoid him, for the vegetables to the right and left of where he sits are swept away like chaff before the wind.

I have lately been invited to join the Outinian Society; the name is derived from the society's conciliating all political parties, both those that are out of and in power; there are several members of this class in Parliament. Sir James Mackintosh is a great Out-in-ian, and I could mention several others. The avowed object of the Outinian Society is to promote marriage; and the directors of it have now planned an auxiliary institution, called the *Athenée Royale de Londres*, for the purpose of 'uniting the women of science with the men of literature,'—that is to say, it will be a regular breeding society, in which, by proper coupling, mathematicians, philosophers, poets, or historians, may be produced with the utmost certainty. To prevent, however, the generation of too much talent, which would overstock the market, I understand the society is to be regulated by the doctrines of Malthus, or by an anti-population invention, for which a political economist, near Charing Cross, is said to have taken out a patent. It does not appear that, to unite the women of science with the men of literature, the marriage process is necessary. This will secure the Unitarians; but the *Athenée Royale de Londres* will never catch

ASMODEUS.

THE REVIEW OF AN EXCURSION THROUGH THE UNITED STATES REVIEWED.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—I am one of a numerous class of your readers, who, living at a distance from London and what is called the literary world, am obliged to be guided in my choice of books, by the character that may be stamped upon them by you and the other critics

of the metropolis, and till lately I have had no reason to repent of my confidence in your judgment and candour. What prompts me to write to you now, is to complain of your not giving a faithful representation of a book, entitled *The Excursion of a Gentleman in America*, and thereby putting your too credulous humble servant to the unnecessary expense of sixteen shillings, in the purchase of a work, which would be dear at sixteen pence.

The travels and remarks of a really well-informed gentleman in America, has long been and still is, a great desideratum in English literature; but from such gentlemen as the man who has assumed that title in the work before me, the Americans may add to their prayers to be for ever delivered, as his praise of them and their institutions must, to all thinking minds, be the severest reproach.

I shall not trouble you with an investigation of the gentleman's qualifications as a traveller.—It appears (p. 107,) that if not an infidel he is an Unitarian (and I, for one, must confess that I never could see the difference) there you find him praising Mr. Holly, who, *mirabile dictu*, though a New Englander, at 'an early age threw off the puritanical superstitions of his ancestors, and embraced Unitarianism.' Then we have a gratulation to the people of New England, that they are gradually throwing off fanaticism, which he seems to think an indelible blot on that part of the union. Now, every man who has the most distant knowledge of the United States, knows well, that their great moral strength is in the strong feeling of religion that exists in the mass of the people of New England; and that the gentleman knows this too, may be gathered from an admission which he makes inadvertently (p. 140), that, notwithstanding their being a religious and moral people, 'whenever you stop at the house of a New Englander, you are certain to receive more attention, and find every thing cleaner, and of a better quality, than in a tavern kept by a southern or western man;' and again, at p. 176, we are told that 'the New Englanders excel all other settlers, in industry, education, civility, and morality!' So much for the baneful effects of fanaticism; while, as a *per contra*, in favour of his liberal darlings of the west, who have no fanaticism, he tells us (p. 136), that the Kentuckians are a drunken, quarrelsome, boasting, lying, unprincipled race, among whom a man's life is not safe, unless he conforms to

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their customs,—that is, drinks whiskey and gouges his opponent.

After praising the liberty of the United States' government, he tells you (p. 170), that steps have been taken by the congress of Illinois to introduce slavery into that state, and that, at a public meeting, a toast proposed and drank was, 'A new constitution, purely republican, which may guarantee to the people of Illinois, the peaceable enjoyment of all species of property.' So much for American love of freedom.

It would be endless to follow this ignorant presuming traveller through all the mazes of his dirty web. What I have said ought, I think, to be quite enough to prove, that he has neither the education nor feelings of an English gentleman; and I may add, that there is not, in the whole course of his work, one single piece of information that has not been already given by some abler hand. I beg you will have the goodness to insert this, to prevent your other readers being taken in as I have been, though for the first time, I confess. I am, your's, &c.

J. G. D. *

Northallerton, Aug. 4, 1824.

Original Poetry.

THE COMET.

I come from afar, a wandering star,
An orbitless terror-stamp'd sphere:
With time is my birth,—yet I'm known on this earth,
And foretold by many a seer.
I was born of light,—I was nurs'd in night,—
And Heaven's last verge was my bed;—
But, when grown to my size, I was sent thro' the skies,
And my progress is watched with dread.
I have left my mark on the light, and the dark,—
On every heavenly road;
And where I have rested, there grief has infested,
However brief my abode.
I have passed thro' shade where the darkness is made,—
'Twas so dense, that my light hath burnt dim;
And I've gone thro' fire, of worlds the pyre,—
What delight thro' such to swim!
I have cut thro' snow, that ages ago
By spirits were piled heap on heap!
And I've seen the lightning, that now is bright-ning,
In fiery arms asleep.

* We have frequently been complimented on our liberality, and that not unjustly, our insertion of this letter will show. We know the risk we incur, that of having fifty more on the other side of the question; but still we confess we could not honourably refuse this impeachment of our critical judgment. Of course, we have our own opinion on the subject.—ED.

I have been where that thunder, that seems now to sunder

The tempest-riven rock from the earth,
In its might durst not utter the least sound or mutter,

Fast bound to the cave of its birth.

I have floated thro' rain, whilst it lashed me in pain,

As hissing I sped on my path;
And I have looked back on my boiling track,
Whilst the billows have borne me in wrath!

In my wayward course, by my flame and my fire,

Many planets I've struck from their way;
And then I have mixed with the stars that are fixed,

And 'twas pleasure to mar their array.

I have rode at will, thro' tempest and still,—
Thro' light, thro' shade, and thro' dark;
One moment, when here, most huge I appear—
The next, my flame looks like a spark.

For my vast speed, I am called Heaven's steed:
Thro' fields of ether I run;

By my fire I can chase, by my speed I can race,

And outstrip the light from the sun!

At each regular sphere, at each planet, I jeer,
And I laugh as I pass them by,—

For they are bound to a dull self-same round,—
They have wings, but cannot fly.

I am looked at with dread: and I hear it is said,

Tho' the sentence is spoken with caution,
That I'm form'd of the refuse—for which God had house,

And that I am Heaven's abortion.

In that they are wrong, for I speed along
Laden with laws from the highest;
Which, to each spirit that the stars inherit,
I diffuse from the farthest to nighest!

Come hither, then, mortal! come, enter my portal!

And I'll show thee the things that are hid;
And with thee I'll fly thro' the space of the sky,—
Wilt thou do, child of earth, as I bid?

Yet thou'd'st better remain, for 'twould turn
thy weak brain,

And thine eyes would be dazzled with glory;
I have no fixed track—thou would'st never come back

To tell to thy fellows the story.

'Twill be best thou should'st stay, and live thy day,

Thy sleeping life of sorrow,
On thine own earth, where thou had'st birth,
Than with me to have no morrow.

Mortal, farewell! I'll not ring thy knell!

Live on! live on thine years;—

I see the sign of the hand divine,

It calls me to yonder spheres!

Edmonton,

J. J. LEATHWICK.

TO —.

YES! thou hast smiled, and in that smile hast given

The purest bliss this breast can ever know;
The sweetest foretaste earth can have of heaven,
The highest boon heaven can on earth bestow.—

Me it becomes not now, in school-boy phrase,
To talk of burning flame and Cupid's dart;
Nor give the truant hours to idle lays:

But, lovely one, thou know'st that my fond heart

Is thine, all thine,—that e'en the sacred days,
When hallowed duty bids me hence depart,
Are blank and cheerless,—that the voice of truth

Falls feebly from my lips —Oh! give it life,
Restore, confirm, the promise of my youth,
As my good angel, my beloved wife.

C. V. H. S.—.

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SOME weeks have now elapsed since the close of the First Exhibition of this Society, and we feel happy in being enabled to state that its success has even exceeded the anticipations of its warmest advocates.—Nearly £2000 have been actually given to the society, and a large sum lent, which have not only enabled it to meet the original demand upon taking possession of the lease, but also to pay off a considerable portion of the purchase money (£5000), which, when completely effected, will render the Gallery the property of the society. The whole of the incidental expenses since the first meeting took place, and which necessarily exceed an average season, have been more than cleared by the profits of the exhibition. In addition to these encouraging particulars, we have pleasure in saying that the great object of the society's establishment,—the sale of the works of living artists, has been effected to a degree which at once does honour to the vigorous perseverance of its founders, and proves it to have originated in circumstances of the most absolute and imperative necessity. It would be invidious to mention the names of those artists who, until this opportunity was given them, neither possessed the means of having their works fairly seen, or impartially recommended to public patronage,—who have usually been doomed, after years of labour and expensive study, to the mortification of seeing their pictures stuck against the ceiling of the exhibition-room, or placed at the feet of the visitors. We cannot, however, but congratulate them in having at last met with a release from their unmerited anxieties, not only in the just display of their performances, but in their consequently rapid sale, as well as in commissions to stimulate them to further exertions. Thus emancipated, the British artist may now 'pursue the even tenor of his way,' unawed by the vulgar annoyance and petty favoritisms of creatures in office, and the squeamish indifference of pretended connoisseurs. As a proof of the interest which one portion of the public

has taken in the 'Society of British Artists,' it is only necessary to state, that nearly £4000 have been dispersed among the exhibitors by sales and commissions:—this almost unprecedented sum has been offered at the shrine of taste—by whom? Not by what are usually denominated the higher and more polished orders of society; nor, on the other hand, by a nest of picture dealers, who appreciate talent only as they can make it subservient to their griping avarice—but by the middle and respectable classes of an opulent and well-educated British public—those who have, in spite of our much-traduced climate, taste and feeling enough to appreciate and reward native talent; and from whom it appears to be the characteristic of the country, that the success of every liberal institution should originally emanate. We feel confident, however, that the noble patrons of art only need to be convinced of the value of honourable competition, and they will lend a helping hand to the efforts of this association, and complete the establishment of an annual harvest for the labourers in the vineyard of British art. The cause is not that of a party, or of an isolated and selfish body; 'tis the cause of the rising arts of England; and wretched indeed must be the feelings of those, however exalted in rank, power, or talent, who would endeavour to throw a death-like paralysis over the youthful vigour of the institution, by a chilling apathy or an envious malignity.—We must hope for better things, and dare venture to prophesy, that if the members and supporters of the society will concentrate their efforts for the ensuing year, the exhibition must open with a weight that shall at once confirm it in the public opinion, and gain to it those distinguished patrons who are alone wanting to crown the success of a liberal and patriotic undertaking.

ARCHITECTURAL STRICTURES.

WE are sorry to understand that, in consequence of the opposition it has met with from some individuals, the plan of continuing Pickett Place, so as to form a direct communication between the Strand and Lincoln's Inn Fields, and thence to Holborn, has been abandoned for the present. It is to be hoped, however, that the question will very soon be resumed, and that narrow-mindedness and obstinacy, should such really be the case, will not be suffered to thwart designs of public utility and convenience. At least, such

designs should not be indifferently laid aside until they have been fairly canvassed. Were the daily press to pay more attention to such topics, and to discuss either the advantages to be derived from the execution of such improvements, or the objections which arise against them, there is no doubt but that the attention of the public would be roused, and that many admirable plans would not be relinquished with that unaccountable apathy with which we so frequently perceive that they are. No one, we apprehend, will pretend to deny that the plan which we have just mentioned, is a very desirable one: while it would afford a great convenience to the public in general, it would prove particularly advantageous to the residents of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, Serle Street, Carey Street, and Lincoln's Inn. And, besides the advantages more immediately aimed at, the removal of some filthy courts and alleys would be no unimportant benefit to the vicinity and the parish. The plan has not, if we are rightly informed, been given up on account of any pecuniary difficulties; for several wealthy individuals have liberally offered to contribute largely towards its being effected. If this really be the case, it is desirable that the matter be made more public, that we may at least have the satisfaction of knowing either that there are due and sufficient reasons for the improvement not being forthwith carried into execution, or what singular caprice and obstinacy is permitted thus to lord it over public interest. The subject appears to us to be quite of as much moment as many of those which are raised into so much importance by the newspapers. There is undoubtedly much improvement going on at the present time in various parts of the metropolis, but rather in too patchy and piecemeal a manner. Whim and chance, and perhaps private interest too, influence these things much more than there is any occasion they should. In our public works and edifices they certainly predominate too much: for how frequently do we behold such strange errors, blunders, and want of taste committed in this respect as make us stare. As these matters are managed at present, the public are kept totally in the dark with respect to an architectural design, until it is too late for criticism to comment upon it with any practical benefit in that individual case. And why, we ask, is this strange system persisted in,—a system which has filled our metropolis with architectural mon-

sters and abortions of every kind? The remedy is simple and obvious; we have already pointed it out: let a public gallery be forthwith instituted, in which models and drawings of all designs for new buildings may be submitted gratuitously to public inspection and criticism. After they have been submitted to this ordeal for a limited time—say three months,—let all but the six best be withdrawn: then let the committee select one from these six. Were they afterwards to choose not the very best best of these, there could be no very great harm done. We do not suppose it possible for any individual, or set of individuals, however ignorant or obtuse, to go into the architectural room at Somerset House at the close of the season, and then, in defiance of criticism or public opinion, to make choice of any thing flagrantly bad. But, it may perhaps be asked, is there such an utter want of taste, so much ignorance, or carelessness, on the part of those who are employed to build, or concerned in the building of our recent edifices, as to render such a precautionary measure at all necessary? We venture to reply, yes. Among the numerous churches* that have been lately erected, or are still in progress, there is hardly one of which it is possible to speak in any thing like terms of unqualified admiration. In some of these there are several very handsome, or even beautiful parts, but the effect of the whole is generally a failure. Our architects do not seem to be sufficiently aware, that features which are good in themselves may be rendered unpleasant and awkward by being incongruously and absurdly combined. Like Frankenstein, they put together beautiful limbs, and compose monsters,—if, indeed, by any catachresis, we can so far pervert the term *composition* as to apply it to such strange anomalous compounds as those they produce, wherein feeling is equally violated with rule. There is, we are sorry to say, not seldom, a most incomprehensible want of taste, apparent in the productions of our modern builders; inasmuch so, that we cannot but appre-

* The church now erecting in Suffolk Street, in the Borough, is one of these strange abortions; with just enough of taste as at the first glance to excite expectation, and at the second to disappoint it. We cannot convey our opinion of it better than by saying it resembles a vulgar woman who has tricked herself out in some articles of ill-sorted finery, which she knows not how to put on, and which form a ridiculous contrast with the rest of her dress.

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* That we are not altogether singular in our opinions on this subject, will appear from the following article, which we copy from The Examiner.—“BAD TASTE OF THE ENGLISH IN BUILDING.—“In London, with St. Paul’s and St. Stephen’s before us—in Bath with Queen’s Square, the Crescent, and the Circus (to which last nothing in Rome or in the world is equal), we build cottages like castles and palaces like cottages; and where the edifice is plain and simple, the window is a hole knocked in the wall, looking like an eye without eyebrows or lashes.”—*Landor’s Conversations*. A too just reproach we must confess. For examples of the cottages like castles, see many of the houses in a district otherwise tastefully occupied, the Alpha Cottages, between Paddington and the Regent’s Park. For a recent instance (among thousands) of the “palaces like cottages” (making allowance for a pardonable exaggeration), see the great ugly mass of brick in Piccadilly, overlooking the Green Park, just built by Alexander Baring, the colossus of state loan-monopoly.—a house, occupying a noble piece of ground, which a little taste, without any more expense, might have been rendered a conspicuous ornament to the metropolis. For examples of windows like holes knocked in the wall, see all London, from Tyburn to Whitechapel.”—Severe as this may seem, it is but too just. Mr. Baring’s house is indeed a flagrant example of want of taste, rendered more conspicuous and unpardonable by a certain air of pretension. Sincerely do we wish that those who, in other respects, take such great pains to conduce the world of their taste, magnificence,

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE. — *Der Frischutz* has gained a new attraction. Miss Stephens has succeeded Miss Noel in the character of Agnes, and given to the music of Weber a new charm. She was received, as might be anticipated, with enthusiasm, and executed the airs, with two additional songs, in a manner that drew forth the plaudits of the audience. Braham seemed to have caught a fresh inspiration, and we never heard him in better voice. The house is crowded to excess every evening.

Literature and Science.

Among the works nearly ready for publication, which were destroyed by the late calamitous fire at Mr. Moyes’s, in Greville Street, were Mr. Britton’s History and Antiquities of Bath Abbey Church, and the third volume of his Beauties of Wiltshire. A part of the manuscript for the concluding sheets, appendix, &c. was also destroyed, together with Mr. C. Dibdin’s account of the English Opera House and Davis’s Royal Amphitheatre, intended for insertion in the Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London. Through this unforeseen accident, the appearance of both Bath Abbey, and the History of Wiltshire, will necessarily be retarded for three or four months.

An instrument has been lately presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, by Mons. Benoit, called a Pachometre, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact thickness of looking-glasses in frames, and which received the approbation of Messieurs Fremil and Ampere, the commissioners, who observe, in the conclusion of their report:—“We consider that the pachometre, with fixed angles, is the most simple and correct instrument yet produced for measuring with nicety the thickness of mirrors or looking-glasses in frames;” which opinion was unanimously confirmed by the whole Academy of Sciences.

Rattlesnake. — The Hunterian Museum of Glasgow has been lately enriched by the present of a living rattlesnake:—

and supreme contempt for any regard to expense, would display a little more of these qualities in the exterior of their residences. Yet, granting that there is little patrician dignity in the appearance of the houses of our nobility and most opulent classes, what shall we say of Regent Street?—that it resembles a *Congress of shop-boards and shop-keepers’ names*; and that its patchy colouring cuts up what are intended to be façades into paltry *slices* of houses. Here may be seen pilasters, one half of which is white-washed, while the other is permitted to retain its sooty complexion. Altogether, this street looks like an architectural rag-fair, filled with cast-off, second-hand, vamped-up finery.

The reptile is inclosed in a large box fronted with glass, defended by a grating of wire. It is perfectly lively, although since its arrival it has taken nothing but the portion of the yolk of two eggs. Living mice and young birds have been introduced, but without its taking the smallest notice of them. Frogs, also; but they were found entwined in its folds—or even perched on its head—without suffering the smallest injury, or as much as attracting its notice. A rabbit, however, did not fare so well; the little animal had been scarcely put into the box, when the snake darted at it, and bit it, retiring, as it were, at the same moment, and coiling itself up in its folds. The deadly nature of the bite was soon conspicuous. In about a minute the rabbit was seized with convulsions, and, after three minutes more, expired, in apparently dreadful agony. The snake did not subsequently take the smallest notice of its victim, but moved about as though its prison inclosed nothing but itself.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | 8 o’clock Morning. | 1 o’clock Noon. | 11 o’clock Night. | Barom. 1 o’clock Noon. | Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|------------------------|----------|
| Aug. 13 | 66 | 65 | 55 | 29 93 | Stormy. |
| 14 | 55 | 66 | 56 | 30 07 | Fair. |
| 15 | 60 | 63 | 55 | 29 70 | Rain. |
| 16 | 57 | 67 | 60 | .. 84 | Fair. |
| 17 | 61 | 65 | 60 | .. 77 | Cloudy. |
| 18 | 60 | 64 | 50 | .. 68 | Showery. |
| 19 | 55 | 65 | 59 | .. 89 | Fair. |

The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

His grace the present Duke of M—r, when Mr. M—, requested Lord S—y, the ranger, to allow him a day’s fishing in the Serpentine, which was at first refused, but, after much entreaty, granted. The tackle being ready, Mr. M—, with two servants, embarked in a small boat; the choice spot was selected—the net cast overboard—the boat rowed up the river, and all was anxiety to see the result of the first cast: it weighed heavy: ‘Gently, my boys,’ says Mr. M—, ‘we’ve got them!’—The net was raised, when, to their utter astonishment, and no small surprise, they found in the bottom of it, an old wine merchant, with a cock’d hat on, that had been missing three weeks!

A pigeon belonging to a person at Liege, in the Netherlands, was set loose at Lyons, in the south of France, on the 3d of August, at six o’clock in the morning, and arrived at Liege at eleven o’clock, the distance being about 290 miles.—*French paper*.

At the siege of St. Jean d’Acre, in Egypt, Bonaparte had three aides-de-camp, or officers, killed in advancing with his orders to the same point. It was necessary to send a fourth. He had no officers near him but Eugene Beauharnois and Lavalette; he called the latter, and, without being overheard

by the former, said to him, 'Il faut y aller; je ne veux pas y envoyer cet enfant et le faire tuer si jeune: sa mere me l'a confie; vous, vous savez ce que c'est que la vie.' Lavalette set off, and, contrary to every expectation, returned safe and sound,

A Disclaimer.—General Zarembo had a very long Polish name. The king having heard of it, one day asked him, good humouredly, 'Pray, Zarembo, what is your name?' The general repeated to him immediately the whole of his long name. 'Why,' said the king, 'the Devil himself never had such a name.' 'I should presume not, sir,' replied the general, 'as he was no relation of mine.'

Platonic Love.—'The relation of a brother and sister,' says Gibbon, 'especially if they do not marry, appears to me of a very singular nature. It is a familiar and tender friendship with a female much about our own age; an affection perhaps softened by the secret influence of the sex, but strictly pure—the sole species of Platonic love that can be indulged with truth and without danger.'

It is a ludicrous fact, that, on the same evening that the London papers announced the arrival of Jeffery, the seaman, at Portsmouth, Cobbett's Register contained a long and laboured article, the object of which was to prove, that it was impossible for that unfortunate poor fellow to be alive!

During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, and when he lay with his army at Perth, in Scotland, a rich old miser in that town, named Munday, hanged himself on account of the fall of grain. Oliver offered a premium for the best epigram on old hunks: several went to the protector on that occasion, but he was pleased with none of them. At length, a poor cobbler sent him the following distich, which was approved, and he received the premium:—

'Blessed be the Sabbath day,
And cursed be warlike pelf!
Tuesday must now begin the week,
For Monday's hanged himself.'

A person, who, upon reading these lines, perceived that the cobbler supposed Monday was the first day of the week, wrote the following:

'What country cam the cobble frae,
That Monday 'gan the week, wha wot?
Nor Jew, nor Christian could he be:
Forsooth he was a Hottentot.'

A Beggar's Legacy.—A beggar, whose constant station was the door of the church of San Carlo, at Milan, left as a legacy to the canons of the church, a hat, which he was always in the habit of wearing, for the purchase of four paintings as altar-pieces to the church, which were to be executed by four great Italian masters. The executor to the will was in doubt whether he should present the whimsical legacy, when a friend of the deceased entering, seized a pair of scissors, and, on making an incision in the old castor, out dropped 800 pieces of Florentine gold, which had been ingeniously imbedded in the lining. This man, before turning beggar,

had exercised the profession of the law in the Cisalpine Republic.

The Retort.—The Marquis del Carpio, a grandee of Spain, in giving the holy water to a lady, who presented him, according to Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, 'her lank bird-like right hand,' ornamented with a fine diamond, said, loud enough to be heard, 'I had rather have the ring than the hand.' The lady, taking him instantly by the golden collar of his order, said, 'And I the halter rather than the ass!'

Courtship from the Psalms.—A young lady in the west of England, named Grace Lord, by her uncommon accomplishments, had become the object of attention to numerous suitors. The young lady constantly referred them to her father, who being of a whimsical temper, as well as being much attached to the society of his daughter, for a long time gave no one a favourable reception. At length a young man, who had remarked that the father was a great humorist, after experiencing a refusal, addressed him in writing in the following words, from the version of the 67th Psalm:—

'Have mercy on me, Lord,
And grant to me thy Grace.'

The expedient succeeded, and he obtained the young lady with the paternal consent.

The Parson's Toast.—Lord Clive, one day after dinner, asked a chaplain to one of the regiments in the East India Company's service for a toast, who, after considering some time, at length exclaimed, with great simplicity, 'Alas, and alack-a-day! what can I give?' 'Nothing better,' replied his lordship. 'Come, gentlemen, we'll give a bumper to the parson's toast, "A Lass and a lack a day!"'

Summer.

When Phœbus, full of love, and in a blaze,
Ogles the lady like a cavalier,
Dame Nature owns the influence of his gaze,
And crowns with plenty all the swelling year.
POOR ROBIN.

A Philadelphia paper relates the following laughable occurrence: a prisoner at the bar at the mayor's court in that city, being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand; 'hold up your right hand,' said the clerk. 'Please your honour,' said the culprit, still keeping his left hand up, 'please your honour, I am left-handed.'

A gentleman perceiving a man swallowing liquor from a thermometer, inquired of a bystander the reason of such strange proceeding; to which he replied, 'Oh! he is getting intoxicated by degrees.'

Works published since our last notice.—Elgiva, or the Monks, an historical poem, 8s. Russell's New School Atlas, 12s. Memoirs of the Rose, foolscap 8vo. 4s. Dupuis's Journal of a Residence in Ashantee, 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. Forbes on Diseases of the Chest, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Sutcliffe's Medical and Surgical Cases, 8vo. 16s. Finlayson on Preserving the Health of Seamen, 8vo. 4s. Whittingham's Novels, Moore's Edward, 6s. Do. French Classics, Télémaque, 6s. 6d. Ekins's Reply to Sir R. Seppings, 1s. Petersdorff on Arrest for Debts under 15l. 1s. Baret's Italian Dictionary, new edit. 2 vols. 1l. 1s.

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